

Oshie and the Traveling Bishonen



Fan Translation : Kokos (u/cursedastolfobean)



指輪創作

袋井満

瞳島眉美

美少年探偵団

Design Veia

咲口長広
さきぐちながひろ

足利颯太
あしかがひょうた

双頭院学
そうとういんまなぶ



Bishonen Tanteidan Rules

1: Be beautiful

2: Be a boy

3: To be a detective

0 Preface

It is a very sharp and irrefutable quote - no matter how good it sounds, if the person who says it is a bastard and cannot be trusted, it will have no power of persuasion. On the other hand, even a completely unreasonable and absurd argument can be strangely convincing if it is said by a gentleman who is a pure, clean, and honest man. In this case, it would be no problem to replace "a gentleman of integrity" with "an extremely dictatorial villain with absolute power.

Or even "a beautiful boy.

As someone who has experienced such case studies repeatedly in the recent past, where anything a pretty boy does is acceptable, or where a bad act that defies the rules becomes a deeply meaningful good act if done by a pretty boy, I would like to get down on my knees in response to this quote.... However, the hand of an eighth grader like me, which was about to be comfortably swung down on my big femur, twisted around and stopped.

Wait a minute.

By the way, who is saying these words of wisdom?

You sound sharp, as if you have realized the truth of the world, but who are you, by the way? Depending on that, this quote may or may not be persuasive - it cannot be said, "Since it is the truth, it doesn't matter who says it.

It is a self-referential paradox.

If the person making the speech is not credible, then the quote is also not credible, but if he is not credible, then what he says is true - and if he is true, then the speaker is credible.

If, on the other hand, the quote was uttered by someone who is trustworthy (and can only be trusted), then the credibility of the quote itself, no matter how certain it sounds, is highly questionable - if we assume that the quote itself is correct, then it would have been correct no matter who said it. If we assume that the quote itself is correct, then in the end, it was correct, no matter who said it.

I'm getting a bit confused and I'm not sure what I'm saying anymore, but I don't think there are many narrators as unreliable as I am, so you can just ignore this part of the story. If you are not a person with special eyesight like me, you can easily ignore it.

However, since I can't afford to be so lax, I did some research and found that there is no clear source for this statement - it is said by many people in many places.

It is sometimes used as a sore loser, and sometimes even as a reopener, so its usage varies widely, but basically, it does not seem to be used in a very positive aspect.

In other words, it is a nuance that includes resignation, such as "It's a good argument, but it's useless to say it," or "It's wrong, but if he says it, it can't be helped," etc. - well, a world where good arguments are accepted simply because they are good arguments is also a suffocating place.

The world tends to be driven more by emotionalism than by sound arguments.

In short, this quote may tell us that in society, like and dislike are basically prioritized in everything - as I have said many times before, even a cynical person like me can easily accept it if it is limited to "any opinion will sound different depending on who says it.

Of course.

Because each voice sounds different from the next.

You're still rambling on and on about nonsense, aren't you? It depends on who says it. That's a hell of a lot better than 'it's the same no matter who says it. But that's exactly why the media nowadays has become a news outlet that only introduces other people's opinions... If I were you, I would ask, "By the way, what are you going to say?"

Oh dear, here comes Mr. Bad Boy with his satire again... I turned around to look at him, and lo and behold, there was a different person there.

It was not the gourmet Michiru, but the beautifully voiced Hirohiro Nagahiro - the opposite of the honors student, the president of the Finger Rewa Academy middle school for three consecutive years, and senior Hirohiro Sakisaki Nagahiro of Class 3A.

That's right.

The theory that the sound of one's voice differs from person to person sounds useless in front of the vocal chords of this senior, no matter who says it - in front of the vocal chords of the vice leader of the Bishonen Tanteidan, who can reproduce any voice quality of any person, young or old, male or female, at will.

I am sure that he made the best use of his unusual (in Bishonen Tanteidan terms, "virtuous") skills and won the position of student body president, even though he was only a first-year student, with the speech he gave on stage at the entrance ceremony, without having to wait for the election.

I am not trying to make it sound as if I have misused my beautiful voice, Brow Mimi. I was just being sincere and frankly appealing to the voters about my desire to make this school a better place.

I say. She says it in a nice voice.

The fact that he is calling the students who go to the same school as him voters shows his political philosophy, but when he says it in a nice voice, it also sounds like he is saying nice things.

I had somehow thought that the most puzzling member of the Bishonen Tanteidan was the taciturn genius, but now that I think about it, Sakiguchi, who is the most verbose of the bunch, may be the most insecure about his true intentions.

After all, since the leader of the group is what it is, the person in charge of running the group is in fact the deputy leader, and if you think about it, I must have gotten involved in an organization that I should not have gotten involved in.

I was involved in an organization that I should not have been involved in.

What's wrong? "What's wrong, Mr. Baimi?"

If I were asked, "What's wrong?" I could only think that I was out of my mind, but when asked in such a beautiful voice, I reflexively replied, "Nothing at all."

At the same time, I notice that Sakiguchi-senpai, who used to call me "Hitomidoujimajima-san," has somehow started calling me "Baimi-san" - a fact that shows that we have gone too deep as members to turn back, and I also shudder at myself for being so happy about it. It was me.

That's right.

It's not just that I got involved.

I am the sixth member of the Bishonen Tanteidan.

I am the sixth member, Mayumi of Bikan.

No matter what anyone says, I have not been involved, but I have changed.

I was able to change.

I see. That's good to hear. Then, let's resume the lesson. We don't have many days left until the show.

Hearing her say that, I remembered.

I was currently in the middle of receiving a lecture on beautiful voice from Sakiguchi-senpai.

Not in the art room, but in the music room.

Just the two of us.

It is a strange situation for me to be in, but I am sure that Sakiguchi's fans (voters?), who occupy the majority of the campus, would kill me if they knew about it. If the majority of Sakiguchi's fans (voters?), who occupy the majority of the campus, were to find out about this situation, they would kill him.

1 Zashiki-do Warashi

Have you ever heard of a mysterious monster called "Zashiki-do"?

If I start off like this, some of you may think that you have mistakenly bought the Monogatari series, but rest assured, you are not alone. What you are reading is the Bishonen series. Whether or not the fact that you have read a novel with such an insane series name is a source of reassurance, I am of course not an authority on yokai henkaigae, so even if you have knowledge of zashikido that you can talk about for half a year, I have only general knowledge on my side. level knowledge.

As long as the Zashikido is in the house, the house will prosper, but as soon as the Zashikido is gone, the house will perish... It seems at first glance like a story about how the world is a plus-minus-zero place, but I feel it is a very irrational yokai. I feel that it is a very unreasonable demon.

What on earth do they want to do, coming here without permission, making people happy without permission, leaving without permission, and destroying the house without permission?

It may seem strange to say that they look like yokai, but they look like children, even a girl in a kimono, so they seem like they would not do such a bad thing, but what they are doing is heinous.

Well, to put it realistically, the story is probably a cautionary tale in the form of blaming yokai for the misfortunes of people who win large sums of money in the lottery.

You might want to say, "Don't blame the person, or rather, don't blame the yokai. If I delve that far, it would make me think about many things as a human being, but it is not my intention to talk about the origin of the legend of Zashiki-do from the very beginning.

I simply wanted to cite the image of the "big-bellied girl in a kimono" in the manner of Mayumi Bikan, and I took up the topic of unreasonable yokai, or yokai who are treated unreasonably - after school.

As I was walking to the art room, the hideout of the Bishonen Tanteidan, a Zashikido walked down the hallway in front of me.

I stopped and looked at him.

Although I am one of the youngest members of the Bishonen Tanteidan, unfortunately, I cannot say that I have an excellent sense of aesthetics--even when I see art works that are considered valuable by the public, I tend to immediately adopt an oblique attitude, saying, "What about it? I am inclined to ask, "Well, I know you all admire it, but how much does that work cost?

I wonder if I feel as if my own value is relatively lowered by recognizing something beautiful as beautiful - if so, I should learn quickly that the more I say such ungraceful things, the more my value will only go down.

Perhaps I should learn aesthetics.

Or will my value never drop below zero?

The above is a self-introduction that shows the unparalleled meanness of an eighth grader like me, but I am sorry to suddenly throw out such a character from the very beginning, but I genuinely thought that the child approaching me was "beautiful.

I am not talking about her appearance.

To begin with, my eyesight with my spectacles on does not show the special characteristics of the "Mayumi of beauty" - so, if we are talking about appearance, the "girl with a big hair wearing a kimono" was a "cute and lovely girl" of appropriate age (about 7 years old, I guess).

What I found beautiful was her gestures.

It was hard to believe that she was just walking down an ordinary school corridor. Her back was straight as if she were hanging from the ceiling by a thread, and even though she was walking down the concrete corridor in a lowered shoe that matched her kimono, there was not a sound of her footsteps.

Perhaps the reason I stopped without thinking was because I was embarrassed by my own unrefined gait. I was strangely convinced that this was the way to walk like a lily.

Without paying any attention to my gazing, Momoyuri Hanakachan (pseudonym) came toward me without a sound, but carrying the onomatopoeia "shizushi-shizu" on her back.

At that moment, my question finally caught up with me: "Why is there a girl in kimono in a junior high school building? Well, I am a girl, but I am wearing a boy's uniform, and I am in a school building, so perhaps it is not so strange that there is a girl in a kimono, but I am the one who tends to do "don't count yourself in everything" in a bad way. I am the one who tends to do it in a bad way.

What is this child?

Could it really be a Zashiki-do?

I had heard that it was a yokai that haunts houses, but I wonder if it also haunts schools - if so, I can't let this child escape.

If she were to leave the school building now, heading in the opposite direction from me, the venerable Ring Academy would be destroyed.

I will be left on the street!

..... No, even if the school were destroyed, I wouldn't be lost, but because of these stupid fantasies, I couldn't react when Yurihana-chan (a pseudonym) finally reached the spot where I was standing.

Even though it is impossible to be as silent as Yurihana, I should yield the right of way when passing someone, but I was so caught up in the beauty of her gesture that I couldn't even move my head.

It was not my intention to block the line of movement of the child who was about to leave, but as a result, Yurihana-chan (a pseudonym) stopped in her tracks.

She looked up at me.

She was a girl with such a well-developed face that when our eyes met like that, I felt a bit nervous.

Yurika-chan (a pseudonym) opened her small mouth and said to me, "Get out of the way, you poor person.

She said, "Get out of the way, you poor people. Do you want to be hit and killed?

She said to me... What did she say to me?

What did she say? Just now?

"Get out of my way, or you'll die! What's a commoner standing on his feet in front of a straw woman?"

"....."

I stopped when I saw her walking toward me, and I couldn't move when she looked up at me from a short distance, but I finally froze when I heard the words, which were definitely not an auditory hallucination, and which came from her lips, and which were too much even to be called an expletive.

I never thought that a human being could be frozen at room temperature Isn't this a revolution in chemistry?

What?

I can't walk as soundlessly as this girl, but, what? I can't even stand up?

Can't you be a peony?

What kind of plant is a peony, anyway?

I'm sure you've heard of the peony, but I'm not a peony. I feel like killing myself when I think of having to lead such a crowd in the future.

(I can't even understand what the word is anymore.) Yurihana-chan (her pseudonym) slides by my side without a sound, as if she were dodging sludge.

I've memorized your face.

Even as she was leaving, Yurika-chan (pseudonym) threw a threatening line at my back, and then she left.

I was too scared to turn around, so I am not sure if Yurihana-chan (pseudonym) really left the school building or not, but my honest feeling right now is that if I am going to look back here, I would rather see the Ring Academy destroyed.

A peony when standing, a peony when sitting, and a lily when walking.

The words they emit are the thorns of the rosebush.

2 Gentle delinquent

Oh? What's that, Brow beauty. Standing there like that. If someone as dark as you were standing there like a tube, I'd be scared to death that Boogiepop had come to kill me.

It was Mr. delinquent who gently called out to me like that - apparently, he was on his way to the art room when he found me standing there on the route.

I remained frozen to the spot after that, but I was finally freed from my bonds when an acquaintance called out to me, "Oh, bad boy!

Oh, bad boy! What a nice thing to say to me. How nice of you to describe me as if I were a god of death using a metaphor!

"..... What's wrong with you, you? What happened?

The actuality that you can be a lot more than just a person.

No, no, no.

I just couldn't even admit that I was standing on my feet just now.

I'm not even sure if it was a real event that made me want to hang my head, let alone stand still - it was such an encounter with the unknown that I thought I might have stumbled upon some kind of yokai, if not a Zashiki-do. I'm not sure now, but...

Ah. I never thought I would feel so much comfort seeing the villainous face of Mr. Delinquent. I want to apologize for thinking that one day I'd give him a good beating!

Then apologize. "Then apologize to me. First of all, for saying you look so evil just now.

I'm sure you'll be able to find a way to get a good look at him, but I'm sure you'll be able to find a way to get a good look at him. I took my first step in a long time.

"Delinquent-kun," is what I call myself.

I am calling him "bad boy," but he is actually Michiru Fukuroi Mitsuru-kun - Ring Gakuen Class A, Fukuroi Mitsuru-kun. The rest of the ring students call him "Banchou" in the old fashioned way.

He is so bossy that he alone maintains the balance of power with the neighboring junior high schools. Therefore, the school also tolerates Mr. Delinquent's delinquent behavior as a necessary evil.

If this is the front face of the delinquent, his back face is that of Michiru, a member of the Bishonen Tanteidan (Detective Boys' Club) and a gourmet.

He is a very beautiful man, though he is also a very evil man.

He is a gourmet Michiru because he is in charge of the kitchen, which was renovated from the art preparation room.

When I tried to sneak a peek, I was surprised to find that they were very angry with me - they are indeed the leader of the gang, and they seem to be very territorial.

Or perhaps he has a progressive mindset that goes against the grain of "men should not enter the kitchen.

.....No, I don't think so.

Aside from his thoughts on gender, it is clear that he doesn't treat me like a girl when he pushes me around so casually even now - okay, even if you take away the fact that I go to school in a boy's uniform, I didn't join the Bishonen Detective Boys because I wanted to be treated like a girl. I didn't join the Bishonen Detective Agency because I wanted to be treated like a girl.

I am not a girl, and I did not join the Bishonen Tanteidan.

I was thinking, "..... Oh, that's right."

And that's when I remembered.

I was wondering why I was heading straight to the art room after work today, and why I had a sense of purpose.

Even though I have become more or less self-aware as a member of the group, it is not every day that a self-conscious, twisted person like me goes straight to the art room where all the pretty boys are gathered. In many cases, they go there by pretending to be lost (what the hell am I doing?). I'm not going to do that.

Today was an exception, as I walked the shortest distance in a straight line - and as a result, I encountered a mysterious kimono girl named Yurika (a pseudonym), which was the biggest tragedy of this century.

We should not do anything out of character.

I should be true to myself, even if it is in a dark, twisted way...well, whatever.

"Mr. Ninkaku," said Sakiguchi. Do you think Sakiguchi-senpai will come today?

"Ah. Nagahiro? I don't know.

I don't know," was the curt reply from the delinquent.

It was only natural. I was asking the wrong person.

There is a saying that the more they fight, the better they get along, but in the case of these two, the more they fight, the worse they get along.

In the case of these two, however, the more they fight, the more acrimonious they become. I was surprised when I found out that the two, who have always been at odds with each

other, belonged to the same organization, the Bishonen Tanteidan, without the knowledge of their students (or fans?).

Frankly speaking, I felt as if I had caught a glimpse of the structure of collusion.

It was as if the two companies, which I thought were rivals, actually owned shares in each other., so I was somewhat relieved when I saw how the two of them were not on good terms with each other, even within the group.

It is strange to be relieved there.

What, did you want something from Nagahiro? Ah, he's got a bad attendance rate, you know. He's busy with student council work this time of year, so it's no surprise. You see, the vice president of the student council is famous for his seriousness and fearlessness, right?"

Indeed, he was famous for it.

But, not to speak of seriousness, I have just experienced a limitless amount of fear, so I am confident that I can face the rumored vice president without being too frightened. So, it is not easy for Sakiguchi-senpai to get around the vice-president.

By the way, it goes without saying that I have the worst attendance rate, but the best one is this delinquent who pushes my back while I walk (even though he is a delinquent).

Nama-asoku-kun is in fourth place because he is the first-year ace of the track and field team....., and Genius-kun is so quiet that I am not sure whether he is there or not, so it is hard to determine his ranking, but he has to come all the way from the elementary school to be with us, the god-forsaken leader of the team. I'd say he's in a tie for second place with the leader of the group, who has to come all the way from the elementary school.

But, I see. But, I see... Sakiguchi-senpai is very busy, isn't he? What should I do then? I'm at a loss. What should I do about that situation I'm having right now?

"You're pretending to be a nuisance. If you have a problem, I'm not going to help you. I'm not going to talk to you about it. I like it quiet.

The delinquent said something kind like that. Is he being harsh? Finally, Yurika-chan (pseudonym) shock has brought back the conventional sense.

Yes, this watchdog has a bad character!

I mean, how long are you going to keep calling Nagahiro "Sakiguchi-senpai," or "Sakiguchi-senpai," or "Sakiguchi-senpai," or "Sakiguchi-senpai" at a distance?

What?

You've got all these terrible nicknames for him, like "delinquent" and "fresh-footed" and "child prodigy," but why do you keep calling him by his first name? Is he being bullied? If it is bullying, we are the ones being bullied.

I don't have the talent to bully the leader of the gang.

The most important thing to remember is that you are not the only one who is being bullied. You can't call him a pedophile, can you?

I'm not saying you can call him that.

There are some people who call him that much," the delinquent said with dismay - for your information, the "guy who calls him that much" is a first-year student, Ikuta.

It is probably a rare thing for an athletic person to have such a lack of respect for upperclassmen - even to me, he was very friendly, calling me "Hitomi-chan" from the very beginning.

Now it is "Baimi.

It may have been Ikutoku-kun who first started calling me by my first name among the members - or perhaps it was decided somewhere after a discussion among the members other than myself.

If so, I wanted to be a part of that meeting (I am not good at hanging out with others, but I am also not good at being left out).

I'm not a senior nor a junior member. The Bishonen Tanteidan is a group activity with the leader at the top - everyone below that is equal. Otherwise, there is no way I would be working with someone like Nagahiro.

"Hmmm."

Is that so?

The actual "I'm not a fan of the way you do it, but I'm not a fan of the way you do it.

The most important thing to remember is that the most important thing to remember is that you are not alone.

But it's also true that all the other members are talking to Sakiguchi-senpai as if they were talking to each other (not sure about the taciturn child prodigy, though).

I was happy to be called by his first name without any discomfort, but I had been thinking only about myself and had never given the slightest thought to how the others were thinking about me (what a guy!).

It would be impossible for the student body president, who enjoys the support of the entire student body, to feel lonely and distant from me, but I wouldn't be surprised if she thinks I'm a "bad-tempered guy" or something (even though I want her to think that I'm a "polite, well-mannered junior, which is hard to find these days"). I want people to think I'm a polite, well-mannered junior, which is hard to find nowadays!)) I think I should have made a compromise with him.

Hmmm.

I've grown up to think about other people's feelings.

Isn't that called rehabilitation, not growth?

Don't step into people's hearts with your shoes.

I agree with his opinion, but it was strange to hear the word "rehabilitation" coming out of Mr. delinquent's mouth.

What are you laughing at? What are you laughing at? So, Baimi, if Nagahiro is here today and you have something to discuss with him, this is a good opportunity. Call him "Mr. Chairman" from now on.

"Mr. Chairman....., but if I call him that, won't he know I'm licking his chops?"

"Basically, you're a lickspittle.

I arrived at the art room just as I was being praised for my guts by the watchdog...and somehow I ended up in a situation where I had to think about what to call him in exchange for doing a favor for Sakiguchi-senpai (I shouldn't have asked such a superfluous question), but I guess that's just as well. Well, it's all because of the presence of the student council president in this hideout.

I knocked lightly and tried to open the door, but Mr. delinquent reached for the handle from the side.

Damn. You delinquent gentleman.

He barely remembers that I am a girl...then I wish he would have stopped pushing me so roughly...but, as a matter of courtesy, I pretended to be an old-fashioned lady and went through the open door first, and crawled into the art room.

As it turned out, Sakiguchi-senpai was not in the art room.

The room was unoccupied - we seemed to be the first ones there.

No, no. No, we were not.

It was clear that someone had already been there, although the room was unoccupied now - because there was an unfamiliar object, which had not been there until yesterday, propped up against the classroom wall.

It was a huge feather board.

3 Oshie Hagoita

I heard it is called "Oshie Hagoita.

The genius who came later told us.

While Mr. Tensai-kun, Mr. Shisoku-kun, and the leader of the group came to the art room one after another - I thought that Sakiguchi-senpai might be there too, but the flow of people stopped there. But the flow of people stopped there.

I guess the student council is busy with its work.

It's not like I was specifically summoned by the Commander today, and it's my fault for expecting this to happen by chance - if I had a favor to ask, I could have just made an appointment with the cell phone I was given (a child's cell phone that's kind to my eyes).

However, the impact of the hagoita, which suddenly appeared in the art room, was too great for such sincere reflection.

A feather board.

I don't think an explanation is necessary, but just to be clear, it is a tool used to play shuttlecock during the New Year's holiday - if this explanation doesn't make sense, you can think of a tennis or badminton racket made of a wooden board.

The gourmet Michiru would probably describe it as something like a shakusha bunmuji.

Anyway, it is a huge one.

If it really was a ladle, come to think of it, I have seen something like this at a souvenir shop in Hiroshima Prefecture (I saw it on TV), but the rectangular shape with a handle is clearly a hagoita.

Moreover, this hagoita is not only large.

It is a hagoita that pops up.

It is not that a stereoscopic picture is drawn on the surface, but that the picture actually pops out - apparently, this is called oshie. It is more like a "doll" composed of cloth and cotton that is attached to the entire surface of a rectangular board.

I said that Tensaiji-kun taught me, but he is extremely quiet, so he did not teach me directly—After receiving Tensaiji-kun's expression, the leader of the Bishonen Tanteidan, Sousou Touin Ingaku Manabu-kun of Ring Gakuen Elementary School, Class A, 5th Grade, who was the leader of the Bishonen Tanteidan, said, "Hahaha!

Hahahaha!"

and he spoke for us as usual.

To be honest, the fact that Soutouin-kun was speaking for us made the information extremely unreliable (is it really that much knowledge that can be guessed from his facial expression?) When he crawled into the art room, he said

When he crawled into the art room, he said, "Hey, Baimi, hey, Michiru, hey, Sosaku, hey, Hyota, hey, Nagahiro!

I was not sure how much I could take it to heart, but I was not sure how much I could take it to heart, since I had mistaken a human-sized feather board for Sakiguchi-senpai and had been dusting it (indeed, in terms of size, it might have been just Sakiguchi-senpai). However, I felt somewhat relieved even though the unidentified hagoita had a name that sounded like it.

But I did feel a little relieved, even though the unidentified hagoita had a name that sounded like it.

There was a problem with the "dolls" attached to the Hagoita - I don't know what an actual Oshie Hagoita looks like, but the ones attached to this Hagoita were almost monsters.

The creatures were attached to the hagoita board in the same manner as Hollywood SFX, or perhaps in the style of "Oh, they make these things with CG now, don't they? They are attached to the Hagoita.

Usually, oshie hagoita boards are decorated with dolls of singing and dancing actors and dancing young women, but in this case, it looked as if a demon sealed in the hagoita board was trying to get out into the outside world and was trying to make its evil footsteps. I have to confess that when I crawled into the art room and saw the feather board, I screamed and hugged the delinquent.

What a waste of girl power!

I don't tell that he shoved me away.

I'm not sure if this is a new work of art created by SOSAKU or not.

said Ikusoku-kun - by the way, all the members had already moved to the sofa and were enjoying their tea time with tea made by Michiru, the gourmet, and new tea sweets she had prepared for them.

At first, we were discussing over the mysterious feather board, but at first, there seemed to be no immediate danger, so we decided to sit at the table.

I used my eyes to judge the danger.

I took off my glasses and checked the "contents.

Frankly, I did not want to stare at such an eerie object with my naked eyes.

It might be a bomb delivered by an organization that is plotting to disrupt our activities!

I had to check it out...and the result was clear.

Although the appearance of the doll was nothing short of bizarre, the materials used for its construction were all decent - the hagoita itself was a piece of wood, the monster was made of cloth, cotton, newspaper, and cardboard, and there was nothing suspicious about the paints used to color the doll's surface.

So, for the time being, we decided to leave it as it was and have a smoke. Although I felt that this was a rather carefree response to something so obviously suspicious, I decided to leave it as it was for the time being.

If it is not urgent, let's show it to Nagahiro," was the leader's guideline.

This was the leader's guideline.

The Bishonen Tanteidan is a group that is uninhibited, but never forgets to work as a team. As a member of the Bishonen Tanteidan, I decided to follow this policy...but I'd be lying if I said I didn't have a mean-spirited desire to see the student council president crawl into the art room and surprise the students without knowing what was going on.

Incidentally, the tea Mr. Fujinaki-kun brewed for us was herbal tea with a calming flavor, as if he had prepared it in such a way that it soothed our disturbed minds - even Ikupa-kun had relaxed and was lying on the sofa.

No, I have never seen him sitting properly on the sofa - he is usually upside down, as if he is showing off his proud legs.

He is indeed wearing shorts modified from his school uniform all year round, even at the end of the year when it is this cold - but today he seems to have been at the track team and is indeed tired, so perhaps he is lying down instead of upside down.

On top of that, he is placing his lying leg on my knee on his own accord.

This is the first time I have ever had a knee pillow in the form of a leg resting on a foot.

I was afraid that this might be sexual harassment by a junior colleague, but I pretended not to notice because I had never had a chance to see his feet so close to my knees.

Wow, they are so smooth.

They look like china.

As expected of the beautiful legs of Hyota.

He is the first-year ace of the track and field team, in charge of physical labor for the Bishonen Tanteidan, the physical fitness team despite his angelic appearance, Class 1A, Ashikaga Hyota. (Note: : It is not only physical strength that makes him look like an angel) - the child prodigy did not answer the question he posed.

It was a bad response, almost as if he ignored him, but there seemed to be a slight change in his expression, and the leader of the group said, "He says he doesn't remember such a thing.

He said he had no such recollection.

The leader of the group answered on behalf of Mr. Tensai, "He says he doesn't remember that.

He didn't shake his head, but I wondered where he got the idea...was he communicating with him telepathically or something?

Well, that is not a mystery that can be solved right now (it would be foolish to think too seriously about such telepathic communication), but I was almost convinced for a moment that the oshie hagoita in question was the work of the Bishonen Tanteidan's art group, the Sosaku of art, Finger Yubiwa Sousaku. I was somewhat disappointed at the denial.

But, of course, it was true.

Despite his birth, the child prodigy, who is considered the heir to the Ring Foundation that operates the Ring Academy, has a face as an artist, and he has been decorating the art room, which was originally an empty classroom, as much as he can by fully demonstrating his talent.

Most of the sculptures, paintings, and ceramics (real ceramics, not the beautiful legs of Mr. Shinsoku) in this classroom are his works of art - even the starry sky on the ceiling is his "work".

Therefore, the idea that the oshie hagoita was also a new work of his was so reasonable that I should have thought of it myself, but there was one flaw in my theory.

This feather board is out of the theme of the art room.

That is why it has a strange presence just by being there. The art room, which has a luxurious table with a soft sofa, a large chandelier hanging from the ceiling, and even a bed with a headboard, is set up in a Western style.

It cannot be said that this is a blend of Japanese and Western styles.

Even I, an amateur who is not a bad person in terms of being an amateur, could feel this sense of discomfort, and there is no way that the genius of the art group could have overlooked it... So, regardless of the credibility of the leader's statement on his behalf, it is probably true that the oshie hagoita was not his work.

But then, who did? Who made this thing?

Who made such a thing?

Well, who made it may be unimportant in the extreme - the first thing to consider is who brought this Hagoita to the art room.

Although they seem to be similar questions, the implications of these two questions are actually quite different.

This is because the activities of the Bishonen Tanteidan are illegal and not officially recognized by the school - as should be inferred from the fact that elementary school students from the Elementary School are in charge of the group.

Only the client knows the true nature of the project, and contrary to normal practice, the client is obliged to maintain confidentiality, so the information should not be revealed at all.

The fact that they have been illegally remodeling an unused art room and turning it into an office should also be unknown.

Nevertheless, the fact that there are signs that someone has broken into the art room is a serious matter that should not be allowed to happen.

The room is not locked, despite the expensive furnishings, and in a sense, anyone could break into the room if they wanted to.

It could be said that the situation was caused by a lack of security awareness, but the fact that the number of things being taken is increasing, even if the items are being stolen (see), also accelerates the restlessness of the situation.

Well, I don't think we have the right to be angry because someone is trespassing in the art room that we have occupied without permission.

But, "Hahaha, that's not true, Baimi. We recently received the official right to use this classroom, and now this art room is the office of the Bishonen Detective Agency, which no one can be ashamed of.

The leader of the group said pompously, as if to reassure me.

I don't feel at ease at all, though, do you?

It's true that the group leader had gotten permission to use the classrooms last time from the former art teacher, Ms. Nagato-Kuwai Ikowako, who was the last person to use this art room (see "Bishonen in the Attic"), but that was more or less a matter of mood, as Eien, who had already resigned her teaching position at Ring Gakuen, was not a teacher at all. In the end, with or without his permission, the Bishonen Detective Boys' unscrupulous occupation of the school's facilities would not change at all - if the school found out, whether it was the Bansancho, the student council president, or the ace, it is hard to imagine how much censure they would receive. I can't even imagine.

In this case, it would not be safe to say that the successor of the Ring Foundation (who is also involved in the management of the foundation), Mr. Tenshi, would be safe - in fact, the situation might even get worse. The Ring Foundation is not a monolithic organization, and it could be taken advantage of by the scandal and, in the worst case scenario, lose its position.

And, since I don't have any "public face," I would be expelled at best. At worst, I could be charged with a criminal offense - I had almost nothing to do with the occupation of the art room and the illegal remodeling, but as long as I am sitting here on the sofa, at the table, enjoying my herbal tea, I have no excuse.

And the main culprit, the leader of the group, Sotoin-kun...

.....

Sotoin-kun is a fifth grader who belongs to the elementary school, so I guess he gets a good amount of praise and a good amount of shushing.

I could only say that this organization, which is structured in such a way that those responsible are not held accountable, is still very much unbalanced.

However, regardless of where the responsibility lies, it is certain, not to exaggerate too much, that this situation is a matter of concern for the survival of the Bishonen Tanteidan.

If this was the case, then we had to find out who had left such a huge feather board in the art room in order to avoid being held responsible, or even having to dissolve the group somehow.

Wait a minute. I know it's not his, but isn't there a possibility that the feather board was also made by Eienoi-sensei?

That's not going to happen, Baimi.

I thought it was a very promising idea and presented it to him, but he immediately rejected it.

I was surprised that this girl would deny everything with such care while putting her calves on top of other people's thighs and crotches,.....

I'm sure you've heard that before," he said. How could she plant such a suspicious object in the art room?

Damn.

The actual "I'm not a fan of the way you look at it, but I'm not a fan of the way you look at it either," said the woman.

I really would like to lick them.

However, what you say is true.

In the case of Ekui-sensei, he is not only an outsider, but he left the ring school after some sort of scandal, so to put it bluntly, he is like an inquisitor.

I don't know how many years it has been since I visited the school, but I left right away.

The actual "I'm not a fan of the way you do it," he said, "but I'm not a fan of the way you do it, either.

When you think about it, it is true that the dozens of paintings found in the attic of the art room last time were the work of Eienoi-sensei, but it may have been somewhat premature to judge this hagoita as well - those multiple paintings were also quite a strange group of works, but basically, they were the work of Eienoi-sensei, and not the work of a teacher who had been there for many years. It was a situation in which we found something that Mr. Ekui had "forgotten" over the years.

This time, we found a feather board in the room, which we could not help but notice, and which was definitely not there until yesterday - a situation that is strange, if not impossible.

Even though he is the "successor" to the art room, Ekui-sensei has his own current activities, and he can't take the risk of leaving us alone.

Strictly speaking, there is no evidence to completely erase the possibility that this feather board is the work of Ms. Eienoi, but at least the possibility that she brought it to the art room seems to be erased.

Hmmm.

If so, who on earth would have done this?

Who did this, and for what purpose?

Wasn't it him? The flimflammer."

Mr. delinquent has found another suspect.

There may be many "paten-shi" in this world, but the "paten-shi" here refers to the student council president of a private hair decoration junior high school, Li-Rai-kun, who is a Tsuki Tsuki Tsuki - it would suffice if I explained that he is the head of a thuggish "beppppin-tai" squad that has a rival relationship with the Bishonen Tanteidan.

He was talking about how he was going to take revenge after he recovered from the damage he did by crushing the casino, right? Isn't that what this is?

Hey, hey, hey, Michiru. It's not good to doubt people without any proof.

The leader of the group chided me (I was in the fifth grade), but I was not very persuasive, since it is the job of a detective to uncover evidence through doubt.

Well, it may be a reasonable assumption that the crime was committed by Mr. Tatsuki, who has an ongoing relationship with the Bishonen Detective Boys, unlike Mr. Ekui, who is a past associate of the Bishonen Detective Boys.

So, is he some kind of a send-and-release scam artist?

As soon as we like this hagoita and hang it in our art room to make it our own, are they going to charge us a fee?

I don't think so

Since Fudatsuki-kun is in a position of conflict with the Bishonen Tanteidan, it is a theory worth considering, but there are too few merits and returns to assume that he did it - Fudatsuki-kun is more of a businessman than a fraudster.

A send-and-receive scam is too small scale for something an eighth grader like the one who occupied the school at night and held a casino hall in the gymnasium would do.

Above all, it lacks a sense of fun.

More than being a crook, and even more than being a businessman, Mr. Fudatsuki is a playful person - he is supposed to value fun.

He is not a "playful" person. You seem to have a pretty good grasp of that stinky guy, don't you?

No, that's not it, bad boy. If you know your enemy and know yourself, you will be able to fight a hundred battles and not be in danger. Don't be jealous.

Who would be jealous? You don't know yourself well enough, do you?

He was scathing.

However, my words had some persuasive power as I was being offered a headhunting position by a thuggish, high-quality team.

It certainly doesn't sound like me," he agreed.

I was not sure if it was a scam or not, but he agreed with me.

Whether or not it is a sending scam, the audacity of giving a gift to the enemy is playful, but in that case, I don't understand what a feather board is, you know? There's nothing more pointless than a playful spirit that doesn't get across.

Indeed.

However, even if this were a flat hagoita with no oshie attached to its surface, the meaninglessness would still be the same.

The presence of the monster dolls barely gives us a sense of the message, and the bizarre part might actually be the hagoita.

However

What are you talking about, gentlemen? It should be obvious."

The leader said, "It's obvious, isn't it?

Obvious?

Because it's almost New Year's.

'.....'

As usual, this leader is a fool.

And is it not a laughable thing?

As a matter of fact, it is December now, and New Year's is just around the corner - although it seems too shortsighted to say that this is the reason for the tooling of the feather board.

.....

I see. Because it is New Year's?

I'm not sure if he thought the same way I did, but for now, as a member of the Bishonen Tanteidan, which has an unwritten rule, apart from the group rules, that what the leader says is absolute, he gave this kind of a sarcastic response.

Then, another feather board and a shuttle-like thing will arrive in a row, right? Otherwise, you can't do the shuttlecock, can you?

If I use the word "shuttle," it would really be badminton (.....), and a feather comparable in size to this feather board would be something like a bowling ball.

It is not a very interesting future to predict.

The fact that it is not interesting also makes the suspicion of Mr. Tadatsuki-kun less likely.

Did the Bishonen Tanteidan have any other antagonists?

What about the "Twenties"? Could it be Reirei-san?"

Ikisoku-kun said, but that would be a possibility that could be dismissed immediately. It is much, much more improbable than Dr. Ekui or Mr. Fudatsuki-kun.

The "Twenties" led by Ms. Reirei are a group of serious criminals - of course, as couriers, they could easily carry a huge feather board to a bank vault, let alone an art room, but they are not a group full of entertainment spirit.

If the board had been bugged or bombed, I would have confirmed it with my own eyes.

I see. Too bad. I thought I would be able to see those chubby legs again.

He looked really disappointed.

I wonder if he is not only obsessed with his own beautiful legs, but also seeks beauty in the legs of the opposite sex... Then, perhaps my legs, which are being used as an ottoman in this unusual kneeling position, are receiving an acceptable score.

I'm not really happy about it.

Especially if they're looking for whiplash.

What is it? After all, we don't know anything, and there are no strong suspects? What's the use of even discussing this? Let's just have Nagahiro look into it.

It was an unappreciative attitude of the delinquent who seemed to be throwing the matter away and throwing it all away, but it was still not a good sign that Sakiguchi-senpai was not present at the time of the meeting.

He may not be a decent person when he belongs to an organization like Bishonen Tanteidan, but at least in the field of non-eccentric deductions and honest investigations, it seems that the meeting would not be possible without him.

Even the leader, who is a leading expert in eccentric reasoning and honest investigation, seems to have to agree with this.

He said, "Hmmm. "Hmmm, it is true that we can only talk about this much without Nagahiro," he said, nodding his head.

He nodded his head and said, "Well then, let's move on to the next agenda.

Let's move on to the next item on the agenda. It will soon be winter vacation, and I'm thinking of holding a winter camp for the Bishonen Detective Agency..."

The proceedings were fast-paced.

Or perhaps the "incident" of the huge feather board being brought into the art room unknowingly did not strike a chord with the leader.

In other words.

In other words, Sotoin-kun probably did not think this "incident" was beautiful.

After all this time, the Bishonen Tanteidan is different from ordinary detective teams - they are only interested in beautiful cases and beautiful mysteries.

Of course, whether something is beautiful or not is a subjective judgment. For example, Sotoin-kun judged as "beautiful" an insurmountable problem that I had been pondering for ten years.

Frankly speaking, I was both offended and angry - even now, I am not completely convinced, but I cannot help but admire a leader who can unwaveringly trust his own senses like that.

That is why I joined the Bishonen Tanteidan, and that is why I am sitting here now.

The manabu of aesthetics.

I am learning how to use my eyes with the aesthetic eye of Sotoin Manabu, but I feel that it is a little too much to ask for beauty even in a crisis of the group, even though I am not picky about cases and mysteries.

I don't think it's something that can be so easily shelved, ..., but it's not like Sakiguchi-senpai will find out the truth right away if he investigates.

The actual "I'm not sure how much I'm going to be able to do with it, but I'm sure I'll be able to do with it.

The school's attitude of abolishing most of the classes held in the special classrooms from its curriculum has turned this school building into a ghost building, not a ghost town, and from the perspective of the criminals, it must have been a very easy setting to work in...hey.

I slapped myself on the head.

That's right.

What do you mean, "If only there were witnesses"?

Mayumi, this beauty, is a witness, isn't she?

I remembered the word "ghost," but it would not be surprising if I associated it with monsters or demons - yokai.

I had passed a yokai on my way to the art room today, and the fact that it had passed me on my way straight to the art room means that it had passed me from the front.

I wonder if that Zashiki-do was on his way back from the art room.

4 Kawakawa Ikeko Kotaki Daki

If I may make an excuse, the reason why I could not connect Yurika-chan (a pseudonym), a child who was close to me in the corridor, with the giant oshie hagoita that suddenly appeared in the art room is not because I have a poor intuition.

I think anyone would have made this connection.

Because the memory of the Zashiki-do is combined with her words, which can be said to have been the ultimate in tyranny - I can't blame her if I subconsciously tried to seal the memory to protect my sensitive and delicate heart.

If I did, it must be so.

Nevertheless, the oshie hagoita, a completely Japanese item, and the kimono-dressed Zashiki-do, who also had a Japanese atmosphere all over his body, were never so perfectly matched when placed side by side.

So, was that girl the culprit?

Was that girl the suspicious person who brought suspicious items into the art room?

Well, the way she was walking 'beautifully' down the school corridor was also terribly floating, so even if she wasn't the one who put the oshie hagoita, she is still a suspicious person.

In any case, this is not something I should keep to myself - as a member of the Bishonen Tanteidan, I should present the information.

Winter training camp? What's that, leader? Are you planning to stay in a snowy mountain lodge somewhere? You want me to cook three meals for you? How much trouble is that going to be? I'm not your cook.

I'm not a full-time cook." "As you can imagine, I can't afford not to participate in any club activities during the winter break, so I'd like you to adjust the number of days. I'm prepared for that, but can you please not go out in the really cold? If I get goosebumps, my beautiful legs will be ruined."

I'll be fine. Don't worry, I'm sure Nagahiro will take care of that.

I'm sure Nagahiro will take care of that, too. I'd like to make an additional request to increase his workload, but I'd like to go somewhere where we can get seasonal ingredients.

The meeting moved on to the next item on the agenda and proceeded smoothly. I thought you were the resident cook. or "I am aware that I am the ace of the first-year track team," or "Can't you at least wear long pants during the camp? Or, "Mr. Natsuki, as soon as you found out that the chores were left to Mr. Sakiguchi, you became very enthusiastic about it. I was about to join in the discussion, but I held back.

Don't be pulled in by these beautiful boys' lack of awareness of the danger they are in...these people are such pitiful creatures who, just because they are beautiful boys, have had their lives go so far as they wanted and have come to believe that they can handle any pinch they encounter.

I must protect them!

Also, if possible, I want to squash the winter camp idea - not only do I not want to go, but I don't want them to go without me either.

So, even though I can't yet determine whether or not she is the culprit, I at least have to put Yurika-chan (a pseudonym), a realistic suspect who is different from Mr. Ekui, Mr. Tatsuki and Ms. Rei, on the chopping block...but this was actually not that easy.

No, it's not that I am too shy to cut through the flow of the meeting. I am rather good at not reading the air.

However, what made me hesitate was the unceasing lack of reality about the Zashiki-do - it lacked reality that I had just witnessed a Zashiki-do in the hallway of the school.

What kind of psychic girl is this?

If I had an oshie hagoita in front of me like this, I would have no difficulty sharing it with everyone, no matter how unrealistic it was, but I was the only one who saw that Zashiki-do.

The fact that I have not mentioned her up to this point probably means that the delinquent who caught up with me afterwards did not see her - she is the only Zashiki-do that I saw.

This makes my mouth heavy.

Because my life had been an indescribable decade of chasing after a star that only I could see - a decade of isolation, of not being able to make anyone believe what I was sure I had seen.

It was the result of my unique eyesight, and I cannot blame them for not believing in me, but knowing this, I still cannot say that it was a pleasant decade.

The ten years that I spent alone on the rooftop gazing up at the starry sky.

It was so painful that I still dream about it.

Therefore, it took a lot of courage for me to bring up the story of the child I had witnessed - whether he wore glasses or not was really a trivial matter to me, the person in question.

What is that?

I thought I was looking at the wrong person.

I was so afraid of getting a reaction like, "You must have misjudged me..." - but thinking about it, I was filled with intense self-loathing, wondering if I was still saying such a thing.

I knew that these beautiful boys, lacking a sense of crisis, would not react that way to what I saw.

What are they fighting against?

How long am I going to keep talking like this?

I may be dark and of a bad character, but that doesn't mean I should assume that everyone else is the same way...especially these delightful people, who have taken my story of my own personal sighting of the stars in stride, without the slightest doubt.

It's beautiful.

If so, then the sighting of Yurika (a pseudonym), who was walking so aesthetically, would have been rather perfect.

Although they were apparently not very intrigued by the mystery of the appearance of the giant oshie hagoita, they might be interested in the Zashiki-do because of its lack of reality, or even as a stand-alone object.

I raised my hand and said, "Um, ..., may I speak with you for a moment?"

I raised my hand.

I interrupted the heated discussion among the four of them (three of them were actually talking, of course, since the leader of the group was representing Mr. Tenshi's opinion) about the destination, schedule, and meal menu for the winter training camp.

What is it, Baimi? If you also have a wish regarding the winter camp, let's hear it. Rest assured, as the leader of the group, I will get permission from your parents!

Stop it.

I really don't want to.

My parents are already overloaded with dealing with the reality that their daughter, who has spent the last ten years of her life doing astronomical observations, is now going to junior high school dressed as a man.

To kill the winter camp idea (what a motivation!), I would have to

I would correct the course, saying, "No, I mean the feather board thing."

I'll get back on track.

Back on track. Back to where it should be.

Oh, dear. You still want to talk about it? You're so particular.

You're too particular, you know.

Even if that feather board had a bomb in it, you might just say, "It's not beautiful, so I don't care."

What is it, Baimi? You've been looking like you've got something to say all this time. Okay, okay. At the camp, I'll let you help me cook a little, since I haven't been allowed to do so since the barbecue. I'll teach you how to make osechi dishes.

What did he understand? What kind of compromise?

Are you going to cook Osechi?

It was a mystery to me why the delinquent who had skipped the school trip was so enthusiastic about the camp, but I didn't want to change the subject.

I did not change the subject and said, "Zashiki-do."

I said, "I'm a Zashiki-do," and he said, "I'll be here."

On the way here, I saw a Zashiki-do, and I wondered if he might be the one who brought the creepy oshie-hashiko-e hagoita into the art room.

It was almost tiresome to think how much hesitation, how much dithering, and how much conflict I must have gone through in order to say these two or three words, but once I said them, I was done.

Come on, you beautiful boys!

Show me your trust in me!

....."

All four of them returned silence.

What? Seriously? Don't-draw mode?

The geniuses are the usual suspects, but the delinquents, the fresh-footed, and more importantly, the leader of the group, Sotoin-kun?

Do they think that I, who thought that "good eyesight" was not enough of a virtue, have started to create a new character who can see ghosts and monsters?

No, no, no, please, you guys.

One junior high school girl is now on the verge of distrusting people, right? Or at least distrust pretty boys, right?

Yes, yes. It was a very beautiful walking zashiki. Beautiful, beautiful, really beautiful.

Anyway, I emphasize "beauty."

I tried to get their attention by doing so, but their silence became heavier and heavier, as if a wave was receding.

The air was as if I had touched a taboo subject that I, being so insensitive, should not touch. What on earth did I do?

Yurihana-chan is - well, Yurihana-chan is the name I gave her on my own, but of course she is not really a yokai, she is probably, no, definitely a human child, but the way she was dressed in her kimono like the 75th birthday present, she looked so human, so different from humans.... I don't know if I looked like a monster, but I didn't even hear footsteps... or did I? I never heard footsteps, that's not a ghost story..."

I was so embarrassed that I even twisted my memory mildly to take back my statement, but they all closed their lips into a straight line and gave me no reaction - or at least, a reaction?

I wondered if my wish had been granted.

"Baimi. What's that?

I was so happy to see him," said the delinquent, carefully clamping his mouth shut as he turned toward me.

Yes! That's wonderful!

From now on, I'll call you Koen, instead of "delinquent"!

I'm going to call you "yong" (good) from now on, instead of "delinquent" (bad).

Well, let's see... .."

I hadn't mentioned that part yet, and frankly, I had no intention of mentioning it - it was too horrifying a word to mention on my own.

I had planned to cover it up appropriately when I got to that stage, but, hey, how did he get it exactly right?

I was going to make a proper cover-up when I got to that stage, but how did he come up with that exactly? I think he also said something about one, which was so horrifying that he conveniently cut it from his memory."

It's 'the people of the underworld,' isn't it?"

I'm not sure what you're talking about.

The last time I heard such a voice was when I was in a secret meeting with my adversary, Fudatsuki, on my own accord.

But it certainly was.

Why? How do I know?

How do you know that I am a poor man, a commoner, and a citizen of the lower world!

You just said so. You were raised in a rather pampered, lukewarm home, weren't you?

You comfort me, Ryo-kun!

Who's good for you?

He didn't like it.

And, although this is also difficult to understand due to the relative sensitivity, if you listen carefully, he was not consoling me.

They call me spoiled and lukewarm.

Anyway.

Do you know about Yurihana-chan (pseudonym), Mr. Natsuyaki-kun and Mr. Nama-ashi?"

I asked.

It is not as if they were watching me being abused from the side - if that is the case, it seems natural to assume that they were familiar with the Zashiki-do, whose standard style is to abuse lukewarm girls like me.

If that is the case, then the meaning of the pensive silence upon hearing my eyewitness testimony changes... Wasn't that not just a Zashiki-do, but a compassionate silence for those who had witnessed a type of yokai that would curse you just by looking at it?

Certainly, it was like being cursed.

It's not "Yurika-chan (pseudonym)."

Indeed.

The actual "Yurihana-chan" (a pseudonym) was not the one," said Sotoin-kun with his arms folded and with an uncharacteristically difficult expression on his face - it's hard to say this, but Sotoin-kun had the most detective-like body language and gestures I've ever seen.

The child's name is Kawakawa Ikeko Kotaki Daki - Nagahiro's fiancée. It would be more appropriate to call him a demon rather than a youkai.

"Oh, a demon?"

Not even a youkai?

With a hard-boiled look on his face, he looked at the hagoita - he saw a demon stuck to the hagoita.

And then.

You've been spotted by a terrifying monster, Baimi."

He continued.

5 Top-secret mission (errand runner)

I was surprised that the members of the Bishonen Tanteidan, an easy-going group whose main virtue is their joviality and whose lack of awareness of danger is such that I could not help but worry about them, would be so low-strung just by being aware of their existence. I couldn't help but be shocked by the fact that it was Sakiguchi-senpai's fiancée, who had been mentioned several times before.

No, that's not it.

Everyone had been talking happily about the fiancée, right?

They had been happily calling Sakiguchi-senpai a pedophile and a pedophile for insisting that he was the fiancée his parents had chosen for him.

I had imagined a cute little girl with the image of a Yamato Yamato Nadeshiko Nadeshiko, but when I opened my eyes, I realized that she was almost possessed by a demon...or was it not a demon but a demon?

I had thought there were no more demons in the world than pedophiles, but I never thought that the side of a first grader was a demon.

Well, if it was only in terms of appearance, the Japanese image of her wearing a kimono and the way she walked without a sound were just as I had imagined, but she bombarded me with so many words that completely overturned my image of her that I could not connect them. I would have thought that she was the fiancée of Sakiguchi-senpai, as I had heard rumors, if it weren't for those stinging and barbed words, and the way she was acting. The fact that she was coming from the direction of the art room, I thought that she might be Sakiguchi-senpai's fiancée as I had heard.

Words are strong, after all.

A beautiful voice and a poisonous tongue, it's not a bad combination, though.

But if that could convince you, there would be no trouble...or in other words, do you all already know her?

Is that the reason for the somber atmosphere?

Is it because they had been making fun of Sakiguchi-senpai, who has a fiancée even though she is in junior high school, because they couldn't do without making a silly joke about her?

If that were the case, it would have been too earnest. Before Baimi joined the group, I did a lot of things with her.

He turned around dexterously on the sofa and got down on his face - and then flapped his legs on my thighs.

Flapping feet?

Specifically, during summer camp.

Summer camp?

I mean, what happened during the summer vacation?

The actuality that the actual summer camp was going to be the one that was being planned for, it had a "winter term" cap on it.

If so, it would be more difficult to refuse.

No, strictly speaking, the summer camp did not take place. The devil himself had to put a stop to it.

The delinquent said this bitterly, and Sotoin shook his head in a resigned manner - his expression was tinged with a sense of hopelessness.

That's understandable.

It's quite a feat for this leader, who has always done what he said he would do, to have his plans put on hold.

What in the world happened?

I joined the Bishonen Tanteidan in October, so I have almost no knowledge of the events that took place before that.

I don't even know how the Bishonen Detective Agency was founded. I think we should ask him about what happened before that time... At any rate, without Nagahiro, we can't have a conversation.

Soutouin-kun looked up.

I'm sorry, Baimi, but I need you to run an errand for me. I'm sorry, but I need you to run an errand for me.

What? Uh, yes, that's fine.

I'd like you to run down to the student council office and ask for Nagahiro. If he is working, he should be finished by now.

I'm not sure what to do.

The actual "I'm not sure what to do with it," he said, "but I'm sure it's something that you'll be able to do with it.

I was planning to give up the task to the fresh-footed boy, but this plan fell through before I could say anything about it.

I was not concerned that Ikutoku-kun, whose insincerity was beyond me, would feel more at home in the student council room than I did, but it was more of a practical matter.

I have already lost all sense of comfort because I have become so used to spending tea time around the table, but basically, Sakiguchi-senpai, Nigakukun, Ikutari-kun, and Genius-kun are completely disconnected from each other outside of the art room.

Sakiguchi-senpai and Natsuki-kun even have an antagonistic relationship with each other.

There may be various reasons for this, such as the fact that they are trying to keep the activities of the Bishonen Tanteidan secret so that they do not have any contact with each other outside the art room, or the fact that they dare to keep their distance so as not to upset the balance of power in the school, or the fact that the four of them do not get along well in the absence of Mr. Sotoin, but whatever the reason may be.... Whatever the reason, the only one who could call Sakiguchi-senpai, who was acting as the student council president in the student council room, was me, a nobody and not attracting any attention, among the members.

I guess I can't carelessly make a phone call or send an e-mail to Sakiguchi-senpai when I think that he is in the middle of his official work in the student council office - if by mistake, "Michiru the gourmet" appears on the screen of the student council president's smartphone, it will be tomorrow's school news (I don't know what kind of name Sakiguchi-senpai has registered for the bad boy, but I don't know). (I don't know what kind of name Sakiguchi-senpai has registered for Mr. Bad Boy).

I wonder.

For a group of specialists that brings together the top stars of the Ring Gakuen middle school, surprisingly, there are a lot of jobs that only I can do.

I mean, it's not really a job, it's just a bunch of chores that I have to do.

I'm just right for it, aren't I? You said you had a favor to ask of Nagahiro, didn't you?

"What? Did I?"

I was stunned by his words, but then I realized that he had said so.

I had been so shaken up by the rapid development that I had neglected my original goal - that's right, that's why I came straight to the art room today to ask Sakiguchi-senpai for a favor.

You haven't done that at all, have you?

I came here to see Sakiguchi-senpai, but when I thought about it, the fact that she was the only one not in the art room was totally out of my intention, and if I may be so selfish as to say so, the favor I was going to ask her was a totally private, personal matter, so I could do it without the other members hearing me, and I could do it without them hearing me. If I could do it without being overheard by the other members, there is nothing better than that.

So, I'm going to ask him for a favor on my way home from the student council office.

I'll go for a quick run. Nama-ashi, can you move these beautiful legs off my lap?

I didn't expect you to say that. I thought you'd be pleased.

I'm not going to be able to do anything about it," he said. It hasn't been decided yet that the person who brought in the feather board was Kawaike Kohtaki.

But that doesn't matter now, does it? Just the fact that that demon appeared in the school is a big deal for Nagahiro, right?

It's a big deal to Nagahiro, isn't it?

I'm sure you'll be able to find a way to get a good deal on the newest and most up-to-date information.

Fortunately, Sakiguchi-senpai was in the student council room, just as Badou-kun had read - and even more fortunately, the other officers were absent. If the vice president or any of the others, who I had heard were reported to be scary, were there, I was planning to pretend as much as I could, so I was deeply relieved not to have to do it.

Oh, Baimi. That's unusual. Did something happen in the art room?"

Sakiguchi, who seemed to be working on some writing at a desk at the far end of the student council room, seemed to have guessed that I was coming at a time when it was almost time to leave for school, so she stopped her work and asked me something like that.

He stopped his hand and asked me, "How can I help you?"

I was healed just by listening to her voice.

I was about to lie down on the couch there, so I wanted her to just talk and talk, but then I remembered my role - yes, I had come to the student council office on a mission.

I did not come here to be healed.

And, well, I could just barely stay in my chair because, unlike the one in the art room, the cushions on the chairs in the student council chambers were not as good as those in the art room.

I guess you are busy at the end of the year, aren't you, Sakiguchi-senpai?

Yes, I am. The most important thing to remember is that the best way to get the most out of your home is to make sure that you have the best possible experience. The actuality of the fact that the actual program is actually a lot more difficult than it seems. So, I asked the board members to leave first. I was just about to head to the art room when things are all settled.

I see. Then, I will wait for you.

I was told to bring him along, but I couldn't let him get in the way of my work as student body president, which I was so close to completing.

I have common sense.

Please continue as you are.

I see. I will finish the work at once, so please sit wherever you like and wait for about five minutes.

Yes, please sit wherever you like and wait five minutes. Yes, please wait five minutes.

.....Somehow, I felt like we were having a business conversation, and I sat down in a nearby swivel chair - I'm sure it wasn't the vice president's chair, this one.

I've only known Sakiguchi-senpai as a member of the Bishonen Tanteidan, so I know that's his public face, but it was refreshing to see him in the student council office as the student body president.

Unlike when he was in the art room, his long hair was untied and he was facing his desk, completely in the profile of an able man.

The actual "Bishonen Tanteidan" is known as the Nagahiro with a beautiful voice, but regardless of his good voice, he is a normal, talented third grader.

I must reflect upon the fact that I had regarded such a solid senior as a pedophile in such a lowly way.

At the same time, as I watched Sakiguchi-senpai completing her work at a blinding speed, I realized that she is quite relaxed in the art room.

His front face and his back face.

When she is untying her hair or tying it up.

I don't know if either of them could be said to be the real Sakiguchi-senpai, but I guess his liberated activities as a member of the Bishonen Tanteidan (Detective Boys' Club) are supporting his work as the student body president behind his back.

Thinking about it, I felt awkward to have to tell Sakiguchi-senpai a ghost story about Zashiki-domo, who was probably planning to have a cup of tea with Mr. Bad Boy in the art room afterwards.

I thought it would be better to finish my personal request first, but that was not the case. I didn't want to seem like I was putting my own convenience first - or rather, I was interested in the relationship between Sakiguchi-senpai and Yurihana-chan (pseudonym) - or rather, Kawaikekotaki-chan.

I'm interested in the relationship between Sakiguchi-senpai and Yurihana (pseudonym) - or rather, Kawaike Kohtaki.

Whatever happened during the summer vacation, the reputation of Yurihana-chan among the members seems to be in disarray. I wonder what Sakiguchi-senpai, the person concerned, thinks about the young girl who is called the devil by Sotoin-kun, who excessively sees the beauty in others.

Only such a capable man would fall for such a bad girl...or is it a pattern that he only pretends to be a cat in front of Sakiguchi-senpai?

What's wrong? What's the matter, Baimi? It's a little hard to do when you are staring at me that much. Especially with your eyes."

Oh, I'm sorry. I'm fine. I wear glasses, so you can't see me naked or anything.

"I'm not worried about that, but you can still see, can't you? When I take off my glasses..."

I'm not such a bad guy that I want to peek at boys' nudity. If anything, I am checking the style of girls.

You are a bad guy, aren't you? I'm not a bad guy.

You got me.

I have a serious problem with this eye, which can make you go blind if you use it too much, similar to a boxer who has fought many fights in the past.

I'd be lying if I said I've never abused it!

Well, when I was shown the human side of a capable man, that it is difficult to do your job while being watched, no matter what kind of eyes you are looking at, I removed my gaze and continued my thought - I even described her as a "bad girl" on the spur of the moment, but I am sure she is a strong suspect, just as Mr. Fujinaga said. Even so, it does not necessarily mean that she is the culprit in this case, and as Ikutoku-kun said, just because she was walking down the hallway, it is already another case where it does not matter if she is the culprit or not (in fact, there is a victim, me), but if we shift our focus back to the case, then If Kawaike Kohtaki-chan was the culprit who brought the oshie hagoita into the art room, there is no particular explanation for the strangeness of the act.

Whoever did it, the act is mysterious - everyone (including me) seems to have stopped considering this point when they thought of her, but when we look at the situation in a calm manner, the situation has not really changed except for the addition of one more suspect.

Since the leader of the group had decided to postpone the detective work for a while, I couldn't just continue to deduce on my own, but - surprisingly, considering how many times I've thought about it - the Bishonen Detective Agency is based on group activities, and I was wondering if I should be concerned about Kawaike Kohtaki's personality, which seemed to have a different kind of "badness" than mine, and the fact that she was taking a hagoita-board into the art room. I feel that the "badness" of bringing a feather board into the art room is not quite right.

It is more of an eccentricity than a criminal act.

If the art room had been ransacked, it would have been a different story, but if she was the culprit, there is one thing that cannot be explained.

I wonder if Sakiguchi-senpai would be able to explain that point.

I'm sorry to keep you waiting, Baimi. So? What happened? Did Michiru-kun take on the challenge of creating a new menu item?"

After methodically finishing the cleanup, Sakiguchi-senpai stood up—I'm sure he didn't mean it seriously, but after assuming such a wonderful possibility, it was hard to talk about the devil—it was unavoidable.

I explained the current situation, step by step.

The more I tried to explain, the more I felt like I was losing my mind (really, what the hell was going on?). But, as one would expect from an intelligent member of the Bishonen Tanteidan, Sakiguchi-senpai, aka Nagahiro, with his beautiful voice, was a good talker and a good listener at the same time.

When I thought about the fact that the meeting was held in the student council chambers, it seemed as if he was a competent student council president who listens to petitions from the general student body, so I felt strangely nervous.

That's right.

Once I left the Bishonen Tanteidan group, I was the one who had less contact with the student body president than anyone else, even more than Mr. Nada-kun or Mr. Nama-sukimoku.

I had managed to look down on this senior for being a pedophile with a first grade fiancée, but it seems like that is becoming suspicious,....., and it's impossible for me to give him a nickname. I can't talk to you as if you're my friend, delinquent.

The problem is that Sakiguchi-senpai is using the "tasmasu" tone of voice - on the other hand, I could be seen as just another rude junior student. I am a rude junior, but I don't intend to sell the fact that I am a rude junior.

I see what you mean. Is that what you meant?

After listening, Sakiguchi-senpai quietly nodded his head.

What's that? Surprisingly, the response was not very strong.

When we talked about the Zashiki-do in the art room, everyone's tension had been more obvious (even Sotoin-kun!), but Sakiguchi-senpai was not so much low-tension as low-tension. Sakiguchi-senpai seemed to be calmly coping with the situation rather than becoming low-tensioned. It was not that I really wanted to see him distraught, but if he was so unresponsive, I would have lost confidence in my own speaking ability.

My fiancée has caused you a lot of trouble, Ms. Baimi. Even though my parents decided on my fiancée on their own, I wish I could have introduced her in a more proper way."

Hah"

If possible, I didn't want him to be introduced to a child like that in any way.

I am sure you can rest assured that I am not the only one who has had many heartless comments. I'm sure she said a lot of things to me that were not very nice, but she didn't use those words with proper knowledge of the meaning, the problem, and the depth of the problem. It's not that she's just a child who doesn't know better than to use strong words on her tongue for the fun of it, and enjoys upsetting those around her.

What kind of personality do you have? What kind of personality do you have? I'll explain it to you shortly.

I'll explain later. I'll explain it to you first. The crime was definitely committed by Mr. Kohtaki, and I think his intentions can be explained in general.

Seriously?

I wonder if he knows his fiancée as well as she knows him... If so, then the "honor student falling for a bad girl" theory is becoming more and more realistic.

Despite my suspicions, I was still thinking, "Let's just head to the art room.

"For now, let's head to the art room, shall we?"

Sakiguchi-senpai suggested, "Let's head to the art room for now..." - Indeed, I was not the only one to receive an explanation about the feather board.

If it had been Mr. delinquent, Mr. fresh-footed, or Mr. child prodigy, we would have had to stagger the timing of our return to the art room, but if it was me and Sakiguchi-senpai, there would be no problem at all if we headed there side by side.

But if it was me and Sakiguchi-senpai, there would be no problem if we went to the art room side by side.

Or, if I had been wearing a normal girl's uniform, I might have been wanted to ask who that girl was who was accompanying the Chairman of the Board, but from a distance, I am a boy in a boy's uniform.

Oh, that's right. Sakiguchi-senpai.

I added as I stepped out into the hallway - this wasn't something I had any urgent need for, but as a messenger with the pretense of a "Densho Sho Hatoba," I couldn't dare not pass the message on, now that I remembered.

I'm sure everyone is having a meeting about the winter camp right now. I know Sakiguchi-senpai has plans for the student council as well.

No, the student council is mostly closed once the winter break starts. After all, the camp is their long-cherished dream. I guess you could say it's revenge.

.....You tried to hold a training camp with the group once in the summer, didn't you?

I said in a hushed voice and refrained from mentioning specific names, just in case he left the student council room.

I thought things had settled down," he said, "not only that one incident, but many other things happened before Baimi joined the group. However, this does not mean that I did not expect this situation at all.

It was Sakiguchi-senpai who said, "I knew the truth of this case from the very beginning," but in this case, I would not say that he was bluffing or misguided.

He said that he knew the personality of the "suspect," Kohtaki Kawaike, as her fiancée (a fiancée whom her parents had decided on their own).

I was worried that she might take some kind of action again, after Baimi-san joined the group, because..."

He continued.

Sakiguchi continued.

Because she--Ko-taki Kawaike, a member of Ring Gakuen Elementary School's Class A, has been rejected by the leader of the Bishonen Tanteidan.

The information, which was whispered in my ear in a hushed voice, did not go over very well in my head as I tried to give specific names.

7 Chorus Competition

I may have given Sakiguchi-senpai a little too much praise for his work as student council president in the student council office, so I will balance it out here: his narration, or rather his beautiful voice, has a fatal weakness.

To call it a weakness would be an exaggeration, but with his soothing voice, no matter what dangerous possibilities he suggests, it is as if he has been given a pleasant compliment, and it causes cognitive dissonance - at any rate, it does not come across well.

Although I was concerned about the members' lack of a sense of urgency, I should have taken more seriously the information that Kohtaki Kawaike had once tried to join the Bishonen Tanteidan and was turned down.

The fact that Sotoin-kun, who had accepted my application to join the Bishonen Tanteidan with such ease, had rejected her was especially important to me, who had been accepted with such ease that I felt as if I had lost my breath.

Of course, Sakiguchi-senpai, who manipulated seven-color voices, could have easily conveyed important information in an important manner, but thankfully, he decided not to go to the trouble of threatening me - thanks to him, I was able to put the Zashikido and Hagoita aside.

I was finally able to put aside my personal after-school topic, my request to Sakiguchi-senpai, on the way back to the art room - even though it was not the time to do so.

Oh, um, ..., Sakiguchi-senpai. You may be surprised to hear me say this all of a sudden, ..., but I can't take it anymore. I need you to be Sakiguchi-senpai. Will you listen to my feelings?

What's that?

The most important thing to remember is that the best way to get the most out of your money is to be honest with yourself.

The face of Sakiguchi-senpai, who is kind to women, became a little stiff.

No, no! Sakiguchi-senpai is certainly good-looking, but she's not my type at all!

Why are you acting like I'm the one who got dumped?

He interrupted me in a gentle voice.

Ummm, I am too bad at asking for favors.

I'll change it.

There is something I want you to teach me, Sakiguchi-senpai. It's something related to your specialty, or should I say, ..., your voice.

Voice."

"You see, Sakiguchi-senpai was just now preparing for the year-end chorus contest, ...

The actuality is, it's not really a good idea to be a part of this.

It is more like a Christmas event than a school closing ceremony - perhaps they used to sing hymns in the past, but now each class can choose their favorite chorus.

I have talked about the Bishonen Tanteidan all the time, but basically, these are all episodes that I can't reveal to the public, and my daily life is centered in the classroom of Class D of the second grade.

Even if it is not that big of a deal to call it the front face, the activities of the Bishonen Detective Agency are not all there is to Hitomishima Baimi - and the problems I am currently facing belong to that daily routine.

I am not so sure about that. Did you have a dispute with your classmates over the music selection by any chance? If so, I'm afraid I can't help you, since I've already been accepted.

Oh, harsh.

The gentle tone of his voice makes you feel that he is not, but he is.

The leader of the group is probably an exception, but he is a student in the elementary school, where Sakiguchi's authority does not extend to him.

However, what I wanted to ask Sakiguchi-senpai was not to change the song that the class sang together because I was dissatisfied with it - to begin with, I was not qualified to complain about the song selection as I was lying on my seat and sleeping peacefully when the majority vote was made.

The problem was the division of parts.

Naturally, since it was a mixed chorus, the girls were to be divided into male and female parts, with the girls in charge of soprano and alto and the boys in charge of tenor and bass. and raised the question, 'What do we do with the pupil island?

It was an unnecessary thing to do.

Of course, as one of the girls, I thought I would be in charge of soprano or alto, but they, being good-natured, thought that Hitomishima, who usually wears men's uniforms, might actually want to be in charge of tenor or bass.

I was about to say, "Wait a minute, wait a minute, just because I'm wearing a men's uniform doesn't mean I want to sing the men's part.

I was about to say that, but I had never explained to my classmates or homeroom teacher why I was wearing a boy's uniform to school in the first place, so when such a situation suddenly arose, I was unable to respond in the best possible way.

Well, in order to gain the understanding of those around me while foreshadowing such a situation, I had a rather difficult problem with my situation in men's clothing - no matter how I explained it, I had to mention the existence of the Bishonen Tanteidan (Detective Boys' Club).

In order to join the team consisting of five bishounen: Sakiguchi Senpai, the student council president; Sousaku Ring, the sergeant of the Ring Foundation; Kenta Ashikaga, the ace of the track team; Mitsuru Fukuroi, the leader of the track team who actually enjoys cooking; and Manabu Sotoin, a fifth-year student at the Elementary School. I'm pretending to be a bishonen!"

Can you say that?

Also, the way I put it, I was exposing Mr. Fujinkan's hidden interests as collateral damage... So, while I was hesitating, not knowing what to do, the conversation went on and on, and I ended up being in charge of the bass part.

I was to be in charge of the lowest of the low notes, and I, who have a rather high voice, and who had sung soprano in the chorus competition last year, was to be in charge of the lowest of the low notes.

I was to sing along with a group of burly boys...and I had to.

So, Mr. Sakiguchi-senpai, will you teach me how to change my voice? Could you teach me how to change my voice? I want to be able to produce a low enough tone to sing a song without any discomfort."

What do you mean by 'that's why'?"

I was so glad to hear that," he said, shrugging his shoulders as if to say, "Why don't you just ask the chairperson and vice chairperson to change back to soprano? Why are you trying to make an effort there?

It was as if he was saying to me, "You are a lazy person.

Each person has no choice but to do his or her best in the given environment, Sakiguchi-senpai.

You sound like you're saying nice things, but you're just being carried along, aren't you?

He was very harsh.

I would not want to spill the truth about the existence of the group while we are talking.

That's true, but if we don't make a clear statement at some point, we'll probably end up using the boys' locker rooms and restrooms sooner or later, won't we?"

Sakiguchi-senpai said pragmatically, "It would be better to make your stance clear at an early stage." - Although she had a valid point, what was important for me right now was to get through the emergency first.

I don't want to see the disappointed faces of my classmates! I lied.

I was in trouble. I'm good at using my voice, but I'm not so good at teaching it to others...why don't you ask him? He may have a secret weapon to change your voice.

No.

By "him", I assume you mean Lies Fudatsuki, the student council president of Hair Decoration Junior High School - I wonder if Sakiguchi-senpai still holds a grudge over the fact that she asked for Fudatsuki's advice last time while putting aside the student council president of Ring Gakuen.

If it was about that, I already apologized!

.....No, I didn't apologize.

Well, that's okay. The most sophisticated and most senior Sakiguchi-senpai everywhere also has some adorable points that make you feel jealous, let's tolerate it, only for Mayumi of Bikan.

No, no, I don't rely on Tagutsuki-kun at all. There is no one else I can rely on but Sakiguchi-senpai.

Sakiguchi-senpai was taken aback, but nodded.

Sakiguchi-senpai nodded his head.

I've caused trouble for Baimi-san with the Kohtaki-san incident, and I'll teach her enough techniques to trick her into singing. However, there is one condition.

Oh. Oh...oh...oh...oh...oh... Oh?

I had prepared myself for a rejection of the offer, but when I was about to accept the voice training unexpectedly and easily, he put a condition on it, and the roughness of the situation made me feel like I was going to be mentally crushed.

Conditions?

Did he say unconditional?

How could you so conveniently mishear? I've never been chewed on or misheard.

You are saying something amazing without hesitation.

I wonder how confident he is in his intonation.

He said, "I understand, ... I'll accept your conditions. I will fulfill your wish.

You say it like it's a hard decision. Why can't you show your sullenness in the classroom?

I don't know. I don't know.

What are the conditions, anyway?

I don't think that the student body president, whose life is filled to the brim with fulfillment, has any conditions that he has to offer in exchange for me, but he must have been thinking that it wouldn't be good for me if I accepted his request for free.

I nodded my head as if it were a hard decision, thinking that if that was the case, there would be no need for such a difficult condition. I wonder if it was something like, "I want you to call me by my nickname" or something?

I wondered if it would be okay for my life to be this way, but of course, it should not be this way in my life.

What I did was not a decision, but a carelessness.

Nagahiro, who had a beautiful voice, offered me the following in exchange for voice training.

"Baimi, this is just another chance for you. "Baimi-san, since this is a chance for you, would you be a friend of Kohtaki-san's? She doesn't have any friends.

What?

If you mean friends, I don't have any either.

8 All Six of Us

I am not sure what on earth connected between Sakiguchi-senpai and me (if she thought that friendship could be easily formed between people of bad character, it would be a thoughtless error in judgment, which is unbecoming of an outstanding student council president - people of bad character can only be friends with people of good character). However, before I could question him about it, Sakiguchi-senpai and I arrived at the art room.

I'll call you later on your cell phone, or mine, about the details," Sakiguchi-senpai said.

Sakiguchi-senpai broke off the conversation (she might be really rooting for Tagutsuki-kun to put pressure on him by the way she broke off the conversation) and crawled into the art room - although she was only gone for a few minutes, there was a dinner prepared on the table.

A blistering job by a bad chef.

I was ready to eat and headed towards them, but Sakiguchi-senpai was heading in the opposite direction, towards the hagoita (a small wooden board with a feather on it).

Unfortunately, I had already been spoiled, so I could not see the cool Chairman's surprised reaction (even if I had not been spoiled, I would not have been able to see it anyway), but the sight of him staring at the monster attached to the feather board was, in its own way, worth seeing. It was a sight to behold.

How's it going? Nagahiro. Nagahiro, Nagahiro Rikon, of course. Do you think that's Kohtaki-chan's work?"

The fresh-footed man, who had recovered from exhaustion or was in a normal posture, not surprised, and was lying on the sofa, called out to Sakiguchi-senpai in such a way.

The front and back are reversed, Hyota-kun.

Oh, sorry, sorry. How's it going? Nagahiroricon. Motoi, Nagahiro.

Sakiguchi-senpai nodded, "Yes," though I thought the meaning would not be much different if it were reversed.

I'm almost certain. As usual, I have no idea what he was trying to create, but...is it a mental image of himself, this monster?"

While saying quite a few things to his fiancée, Sakiguchi-senpai arrives at the dining table.

He then said to his fiancée, "Hello, leader, I'm late. I apologize for any inconvenience this personal matter may have caused you.

I don't mind. There is nothing personal between us. Let us all deal with this urgent situation together.

It was usual for Sotoin-kun to say things like that (I knew that, so I should have talked to the leader about the chorus competition - then Sakiguchi-senpai might not have given me unreasonable conditions), but still, this was an urgent situation for the Bishonen Tantei group. (I should have consulted with the leader of the chorus competition, and then Sakiguchi-senpai might not have given me unreasonable conditions.

The mystery genre that deals with mysteries that are not so-called heinous criminal crimes, such as murder or kidnapping cases, is called "everyday mysteries," and the giant feather board may seem to be on the everyday side, but it is definitely in the extraordinary category. However, if a first grade girl made this, that (and only that) seemed to be something to be appreciated.

I have more opportunities to see the creative activities of a child prodigy as a matter of course, so my eyes have become more discerning, or perhaps my senses in that area have become completely blurred, but if you are going to criticize something like "What a scary object" or "What is the meaning of this strange feather board? If you ask me to make this, I am completely out of my depth.

I don't know how to get around to it, much like being asked to make a TV - but I don't know how to get around to it.

That's why I have a question that I have a faint

What's up?" Baimi. Eat before it gets cold.

Oh, yes. I'll have some.

At Mr. delinquent's request, I put my hand on my meal - today's menu was tempura. Just a few months ago, it had never occurred to me that I would have a chance to eat tempura at school - perhaps he had changed the menu because of the Japanese atmosphere that the hakoita (a Japanese puppet theater) emitted.

It was such an influential work.

And then it occurred to me.

No, it was not an idea that would solve the question I had in my mind, but...

I was thinking, "By any chance, is it possible that Yurika-chan (pseudonym), or rather Kohtaki-chan, wanted to join the Bishonen Tanteidan and left this feather board behind as a resume, if you will?"

The intention of the work itself is hard to understand, but I thought it was equally mysterious why the murderer left it in the art room - but if we take into account that the murderer once wanted to join the Bishonen Tanteidan, we may be able to derive such an answer, or perhaps we can. I suppose it is possible.

It's a kind of sales pitch, or

That is a very kind way of looking at things, Baimi.

I don't have any friends, but I don't think any friend would do.

I wonder if they didn't like the fact that I relied on Mr. Futatsuki-kun for my detective work.

I had never thought that if you bear a grudge against someone, you can be avenged.

I don't think so either. I don't like the idea of disagreeing with a pedophile, but after all that's happened, I don't think he wants to join the Bishonen Detective Agency,..... If you call it a declaration of war, I can understand that.

A declaration of war.

Is there a custom somewhere to send a huge feather board to the opponent's base of operations when declaring war, like throwing a glove when challenging to a duel?

I mean, I'm pretty sure that sending a feather board is the same thing as

I am sure you can find the information at . "Well, whatever their intentions were in leaving such a thing while we were gone, unfortunately, we can't ignore it. We have no choice but to deal with such a huge object when it is placed there."

Sakiguchi, who was also the deputy leader of the group, began to talk about his vision for the future.

It could be said that he has no vision.

He said, "Mr. Baimi has assured us that even if it is a suspicious object, it is not dangerous, right? If so, it is not a size that can be disposed of so easily, and let's leave it here overnight as it is - well, I think it's best to let him take it home with him. I know it's not the leader's preference, but I think it would be appropriate to make him admit his guilt and take responsibility.

I don't think the devil will listen to me.

I don't think the devil will listen to me.

The word "jaja-devil" was probably coined by combining the words "jaja-horse" and "devil" - not the best choice of words, but it was apt.

Don't worry, Michiru. I have a brilliant idea on that point.

Sakiguchi assured me.

I can't help but feel that I'm involved in this strange idea... Isn't asking her to become friends with me a ploy to divert the devil's target from the organization to the individual?

If so, I felt terrible and made eye contact with the child prodigy, who was eating his meal, to offer help.

Of course, he ignored me.

I was asking the wrong person for help!

'Yes, you're right. I guess I'll have to ask Nagahiro to handle that negotiation - I'll have to ask him to take out one of the few people who can't hear your beautiful voice, but I'll leave it up to you.

Soutouin-kun said to Sakiguchi-senpai, then looked at the other members in turn and continued, "I'm sorry to say that I have to say in return.

We'll think of something else," he said. As Nagahiro mentioned earlier, it's not easy to dispose of a feather board of such a large size, but if we don't know how the devil got it into the art room, we don't know what he's going to bring in and when. If we don't know that, we won't know what or when he will bring something into the art room in the future, even if it's something dangerous and not suspicious.

9 Impossible Crimes (Sex)

Whether she was regarded as a demon or a demon, or whatever the case may be, I felt that the nuance of the Bishonen Tanteidan's survival crisis seemed to have faded from the case as soon as it was strongly suspected to be the work of a friend, if not a relative.

If Kawaike Kohtaki was the culprit, there was no question that he knew that Bishonen Tanteidan was using the art room as an office, given his "record" of bringing the storm to Bishonen Tanteidan in the past - well, one could say that was a problem, but at least it was a problem. At least, the existence of the Bishonen Detective Agency has not been revealed to a new third party.

So, in that sense, there was an illusion that the risk was reduced, but Sotoin-kun was right - an environment where dangerous people can freely bring in dangerous items is not an environment where safety is guaranteed.

Even if the group was not in danger of being disbanded, it would be in danger of being broken.

However, I was surprised.

It was surprising that Sotoin-kun was aware of the mystery of "If Yurika-chan (pseudonym) is the culprit, how did she bring the feather board into the art room? I had a hard time saying so, since I was the one who reported (tipped off) her as a suspect., and once the existence of the devil was out in the open, I had a feeling that such detailed procedures had become unimportant.

But then I thought, "Huh. This question is directly related to the third rule of the Bishonen Tanteidan, which is "The rules of the Bishonen Tanteidan.

Rule number three of the Bishonen Tanteidan.

Being a detective.

Well, it is not "detective-like" (or in this case, "detective-like" as it is supposed to be) to be able to dismiss such contradictions as unimportant.

However, I thought it was the leader who had shifted his interest to the winter camp during the course of the project.? Oh, no, there was no mystery at that point.

Even if the motive was unknown (and even if the motive was harmful to the Bishonen Tanteidan), bringing a human-sized feather board (whatever it was) into the art room was something anyone could do - unless you were a first grader.

As for the girl I saw in the hallway, with her body like a child sitting on a throne - the kimono she was wearing seemed to weigh more than she did - it would have been impossible for her to carry such a feather board to the art room.

At the very least, the difficulty level would jump so dramatically that I cannot immediately guess how she would do it.

To put it bluntly, if I had noticed this before she did, I would not have named her as a suspect when I passed her in the hallway.

Really? I don't think it's that mysterious., maybe she used a dolly or something?"

The delinquent said fluently, still lacking a sense of urgency.

Don't put words in my mouth. I'll know that you're licking my chops.

I can't use the dolly. You can't use a cart. There are stairs all over the school building. The actual a lot more you are able to do, the more you will be able to do. There was no way she was going to leave it in the art room or by the side of the room. But when he passed me, he was empty-handed. How's that!"

Why are you so flippant when you criticize people's reasoning? You and Kawaike Kohtaki have almost the same personality, don't you?

Stop it.

Don't say such things even to the delinquent.

Sakiguchi-senpai is listening.

"It's not like I asked someone to bring it to me, is it?"

And Ikutoku-kun.

Although he is my junior, I don't think I'm a loser to him (I even want to lick him a little), so I just listen to him.

I'm not sure if it's a possibility, but it's impossible to ask someone to do it because of the devil's nature. Besides, it is a risk for an elementary school student to break into the middle school building, so it is psychologically unlikely that he would want to increase the number of perpetrators and make it easier for them to be found.

If anything, I think they would go in the direction of reducing the size of the feather board," Ikutoku said, more like profiling than deducing.

It was a prediction that could only be made by someone who was acquainted with Devil-chan, and it was difficult for me to discern the certainty of his prediction, but it was something that I could understand as someone who was closely observing the risk of Sotoin Gaku, an elementary school student, going in and out of the middle school on a daily basis.

The actual "Tiffany & Co." is a very good way to get a good look at the newest trends in the fashion world, and it's also a great way to get a better look at the newest trends in the fashion world. It is not impossible to assume that he asked "Twenties" or other organizations such as the "thugs" or "thugs" to help him.

Then, Yurika-chan (pseudonym) is not the culprit, is she? It is suspicious that she was walking by the art room, but I didn't see her bring it in either.

No, I'm sure she's the culprit.

As I mentioned earlier, there is no doubt in my mind that the wooden shuttlecock is the work of Ms. Kohtaki.

That was right.

I was not giving much importance to Sakiguchi-senpai's opinion, because I was now somewhat disliking him after being confronted with an impossible task, but since there was his testimony, it was almost a given that the culprit was Kawaike Kohtaki. There are two major mysteries we must now face.

(1) Why did Kohtaki-chan do such a thing?

(2) How did Kohtaki-chan do such a thing?

In mystery terminology, what is the word for this kind of thing, ..., yes, bad boy!

'Why are you in a position to nominate me? Stop shaking me when you're in trouble.'

Damn"

Not only did they know that I was licking my chops, but they also knew that I was taking advantage of them. This is quite embarrassing.

Widanit and howdanit, right?"

Sakiguchi senior answered.

I wanted him to raise his hand when he answered, but since Sakiguchi-senpai, not me, was the moderator, I couldn't complain.

By the way, "Widanit = Why done it?" and "How done it?" - Sakiguchi-senpai said that she could predict to some extent about the Widanit, so I'll leave that to the leader. I'll leave that to the leader....

The problem is (2).

It is true that the devil might deny the crime if we don't work out the details of the case.

The way Mr. Shinsoku says that the devil might deny the crime is quite funny, but I guess it is no laughing matter either.

The fact that the devil might deny the crime is quite amusing, but it's no laughing matter, especially when you are in the middle of planning a winter vacation camp.

Well, in that case, I guess we need to leave one person in charge of the house. Is there someone suitable like me who can be selfless for everyone?

I'll leave you alone. We'll settle this matter properly and then we'll leave together!

They don't mesh well.

Well, if you think about it, I wouldn't be able to handle it if Yurihana-chan (pseudonym) visited the art room while I was away by myself.

In summary, Nagahiro will approach the devil himself about the motive, which makes no sense, and we will think about the method, which will be strange if the devil is the culprit, right? Well, the pattern that comes to mind is that he didn't bring in the finished product, but brought in the materials in small pieces and assembled them in the art room.

Mr. Defective came up with a second idea.

The first is that the person who is not a good judge of the quality of the work is not a good judge of the quality of the work.

In the past, during the activities of the Bishonen Detective Agency, I have encountered a case where a similar method was used - but the fact that he said it was probably a mistake, and I began to look for the truth.

He thinks, and I deny.

It's a combination like a simultaneous rice-cake pounding!

You're taking it too easy. You're taking it too easy, that combination.

Let's see, you can't do that, Mr. Badger. I think you can do it with the creepy dolls that are attached to them, but the problem is with the human-sized feather board - it's a single piece of wood. Yes, just like the counter of a sushi restaurant! I've never been to such a sushi restaurant! I'm from the lower class, the poor of the common people!"

Oops.

I became self-deprecating due to the aftereffects of the abuse I had received.

You are poor in spirit, and we are the ones who are in trouble because of it."

The delinquent replied to me with a boorishly sarcastic tone.

I was not comforted by his self-deprecation, I wondered if this is what happens to people when they get carried away, I'll be careful from now on.

Maybe I am a poor soul, written poor soul class.

Well, what I am poor is a grand problem that I have to solve through my life, and the point of view of the second proposal presented by Mr. Bad Boy itself should not be denied - the fact that what he brought in is a huge feather board is also a bottleneck here.

It is a human-sized quill board with a certain thickness.

It was not something that could be brought in in pieces - it may not have been a single board in the strict sense of the word, but at least it looked seamless. I don't think it would be

possible to take a board of that size, split it into pieces that a child could carry, and then put it back together again in an art room without special equipment.

The hagoita is complete in that form.

It was too big for a child to carry.

The hagoita itself is the size of a human being, so how could it pass through a door? Even if the feather board itself was human-sized and could fit through the door, wouldn't the monster that protrudes from the board be too big to fit through the door? If it can't go in and out in that shape, wouldn't it at least be analogous to the monster being stuck inside the art room?"

This is where Mr. Shinsoku showed his sharp point.

He was in an inverted or standing position.

And the "it's too heavy to carry" is just a guess for now. The monster that looks massive is probably just a papier-mâché, and the wood used for the feather board might also be very light. Even I, who am very slender and delicate, could easily lift it up.

I don't agree with the idea that Ikuta-kun is "slender" at all (his whole body is basically a mass of muscles, just toned), but, well, he is right.

We had judged its weight on our own based on its size and appearance, but we had not actually checked its weight, because we were afraid to touch it.

Because we were afraid to touch it. We were afraid of monsters.

When we found out that the creator was that girl, we became even more scared...but now that we had been told of the possibility, we couldn't help but check it out.

If we lifted up the feather board and, while we were at it, checked to see if it would pass through the door in its original form, we would kill two birds with one stone - the question was, who would do it?

The question is, who will touch that eerie feather board?

Normally, it should be Ikutoku-kun who should be in charge of this task, but as mentioned earlier, he is muscular and a member of the Bishonen Tanteidan's physical strength team, and because he is a member of the physical strength team, he is not suitable for this task.

Rather, it is a job that should be done by the least physically fit person in the group.

Then, Lee, no, I'll do it.

I was the one who decided that since we were going to verify a first grader's crime, it would be appropriate for Sotoin-kun, who is the closest in age to me, despite the gender difference, to do the job.

Oh, no.

Even the genius-kun was staring at me?

The leader is loved too much by this organization.

I got up from my seat and walked toward the feather board - I thought I had gotten used to it to some extent, but seeing it up close, I was still intimidated by the power of this monster.

Even though I have confirmed with my own eyes that there is no danger, it is so powerful that I can't help but assume that there is an unseen danger - but I have to touch it to atone for the great crime of trying to make the leader work.

Well, if it's not the leader, it's my job.

Sakiguchi is a third-year junior high school boy, and he can't be compared to a first-year girl in the elementary school, and Fuji-kun, even though he is not a member of the physical fitness team, is a cook, not a member of the violence team, and he has a reasonable amount of physical fitness. If I had to say so, I'd say that the first-year prodigy, who is younger than me, is probably more qualified, but he is probably better trained than I am because he devotes himself to artistic activities on a daily basis.

Oh, no, another job that only I can do.

You really can't do anything without me!

I put my hand on the feather board and said, "Mamayo," in a way that anyone would consider unreasonable...it didn't even budge.

Well, "not even a twitch" is an exaggeration, but the moment I touched it, it was so solid that I thought, "Oh, I can't do this."

I have a feeling that I'm going to hurt my back in the second year of junior high school.

Moreover, the feather board seemed to have been carefully filed, and it was so smooth that it reminded me of the raw feet of the "Nama-ashi kun," and I was afraid that I might knock it over if I moved it too hard.

Using a wall or a chair as a fulcrum, and using the principle of leverage, it might be possible to move it, but I would not allow it to be carried, even over a short distance - carrying such a thing to the door would be torture from hell.

It is also extremely uncomfortable to be in a hugging position with the monster while struggling with it.

I was in a hugging position with the monster, and it was extremely uncomfortable. I can't do this!

Don't play the heroine."

I was told to stop acting like a heroine, but even so, I couldn't help but notice that Mr. delinquent came over to help me.

I thought so, but he restrained Sakiguchi-senpai and Ikutsuki-kun from getting up and put his hand on the head of the Hagoita.

I put my hand on the bottom of the board to keep my balance.

The hagoita, which had been propped up against the wall, quickly became horizontal - with the monster on top.

Rather than the two of us holding it together, I was in charge of the handle and Bad Boy was in charge of the rectangular part of the board.

How amazing, bad boy!

If I carried it on my back, I could carry it by myself, couldn't I?

He is indeed a boy. He's so dependable!

Don't give up on being a heroine and try to settle into the position of a big sister. You are a beautiful boy now, no matter how anyone looks at you.

He tells me roughly, "I'm going to carry you away.

I interpreted that he was actually happy to be praised as a man, so he was acting roughly to hide his embarrassment, and I complied - seeing that I hardly felt the weight, I guessed that the delinquent was in charge of the weight of the handle, from horizontal to slightly angled.

While I was admiring his gentlemanly manners, we arrived at the door - it seemed difficult to get the door through while it was facing up, but when I turned it sideways (that is, in the direction of a vertical line), it went through rather easily.

There was no need to remove the sliding door from the rail - in other words, it was not impossible to bring in this feather board as long as it could be lifted.

It would take two or three people to do it., hmmm.

I'll put it on the table and inspect it. Hey, if you're done eating, clear all the plates and stuff off the table.

The leader of the group, who was a delinquent, said so, and in response, everyone cleaned the table, though it was only to move the dishes to other places.

The leader wiped the table lightly with a dish towel (it's not that the leader doesn't work, in fact, he works surprisingly hard).), we returned to the room and knocked down the feather board and put it down. I would have liked to put the monster down, but it was not possible.

I think it was more like an autopsy than an inquest when we all gathered around the monster lying on the table. It was the perfect size to fit on the table, and it looked good.

Once you look at it that way, it looks as if the monster is screaming out in grief.
However, Ikutoku-kun was unforgiving, saying, "How about disassembling it into pieces once?

Yeah, but we know we can bring it in as it is.

But if we disassemble it, we might be able to figure something out."

..... just, well, there is no such thing, is there?

You never know what will give you a clue, and if you think you might be able to determine the method of transport from the trace of the materials used, for example, disassembly is not a waste of time.

But then, a hand was placed on my shoulder, and when I turned around, I saw the child prodigy shaking his head silently.

As an artist, it seems that he cannot overlook the destruction of other people's work... No, then, why don't you tell him, not me?

Who is the one who is most likely to destroy it with glee?

Hmmm. If that is the case, I guess this is what we are going to discuss today. There is a possibility that Nagahiro will directly interrogate Kawaike Kohtaki, and he will easily confess to the method of the crime.

Sotoin-kun checked the grandfather clock next to the blackboard and said so as if to round off the discussion, but I wonder, as expected, the presentation of that possibility sounded only comforting.

I don't want to prolong the problem too much, so tomorrow we will meet early in the morning. Each member, except for Nagahiro, was to come up with a beautiful theory - how did Kawaike Kohtaki bring a giant feather board into this room? Oh, and be sure to think about where you want to go for the camp. We are dismissed for today!

10 Reunion with the Devil

According to the flow of the story, there should have been a scene here in which I was groaning and groaning in my room, twisting my head over two homework assignments given by the leader, but unfortunately, I did not spend much time and effort on either of them (I was tired and went to bed. Unfortunately, I didn't spend much time and effort on either of the homework assignments (you see, I tried to lift the feather board), so there was no pause or pause, and the scene takes place early in the morning of the next day.

I thought to myself, "Are you going to fall into the same rut as last time? Well, the fact that I have no way to contact that playboy is also closely related to this.

However, when I arrived at school the next morning, the first place I headed to was not the art room but the music room - the student council president, who is very busy, made time for me to have a voice lesson, but that time was even earlier than the early morning.

Sakiguchi-senpai and I were to meet in the music room first, and then head to the art room...we were going to wake up quite early, and that's why we abandoned our guesses about the feather board.

Sakiguchi-senpai was the only one among the members who had been given the right not to have to guess, and I was tempted to criticize him for his good nature, but since I was in a position to ask him to teach me, I couldn't complain.

Rubbing my sleepy eyes, I stumbled down the hallway of the school building - incidentally, the music room, like the art room, is also currently unused.

The policy of the Ring School is to consistently deny art activities.

(For your information, chorus competition practice is usually held in the classrooms. (For your information, chorus contest practice is usually held in the classrooms, where the sound is super mixed with that of the neighboring classes.)

As I staggered along with my hunchback, thinking that I wouldn't have to go through all this trouble if only the choir competition had been canceled, I heard a voice saying, "You have an ugly posture, don't you?

You have an ugly posture, you little bitch!

I was walking with my hunchback, thinking that I should not have to go through all this trouble.

Hata-hashita onna?

What is that Japanese word that you don't want to read out loud?

I knew who it was who had said such a word, which I had only seen in books that emphasized the culture and historical background of the time when the book was published (moreover, I had guessed it from the chapter title "Reunion with the Devil"), but I

straightened my hunchback (ugly posture) and looked behind me. When I looked behind me, I saw that it was the Zashiki-do that I had passed by yesterday after school.

No, it wasn't a Zashiki-do today.

He was not wearing a kimono, but the uniform of the Ring School - and his shoes were not clogs, but school shoes (which would have been more convenient for me to approach behind him without hearing his footsteps). Her hair was still cut in a slicked-back bun, but even so, it gave a very different impression.

If she had appeared in that form from the beginning, I would not have mistaken her for a monster., or maybe it would have been the same after all if I had been cursed afterwards.

In any case, the situation is different from yesterday.

I know that the other person is a human being with the name (household registration) Kawaike Kohtaki - and I also know that he is a first grader, much, much younger than me!

I don't know why he is in the middle school building again today, and I was scared when he suddenly approached me, but I'm going to take advantage of the height difference between women and children!

Taking advantage of the height difference!

I said, "Ufufu, no, little girl. Don't use such foul language. You'll be hunted for words.

"Shut up. I heard you also called me a child and a monster.

It was a rebuttal that didn't even elicit a peep.

The first thing to do is to get a good look at the picture.

The actual "I'm not a child, but a monster," I thought, "How did they find out about it?

If this is the case, then was this girl's presence in the middle school building at this hour of the day because she was summoned by Sakiguchi-senpai, just like I was?

Surely that student council president isn't planning to have me and Kohtaki-chan bump into each other without warning in order to foster our friendship, right?

I'm telling you, there is no way in any worldview, in any time period, that a friendship that starts when someone calls you an "end girl" can exist, right?

Oh? What's wrong with you, living in the shade of the sun? You're staring at me, do you have something you want to say?"

"I don't know what I want to say.

Although I was tempted to listen to Yurika-chan's (her pseudonym) unfavorable verbal variations forever, I didn't want to continue doing so and have this book stopped being published, so I decided to try to have a dialogue with her.

I will defend freedom of expression!

Well, strictly speaking, she is trying to impose self-imposed restrictions, and as a result, in trying to protect it, she is herself limiting freedom of expression, but that is the mysterious nature of human society.

That feather board is very cool, isn't it? Did Kohtaki-chan make it? Can you tell me how you made it and, while you're at it, how you transported it?

Hagoita? I don't know. I don't know.

Damn.

The fact that I tried to use the Leno method from the very first move, but it didn't catch on - which means, on the flip side, that even when Sakiguchi-senpai questioned me last night, this girl didn't confess to her crimes.

Hmmm. It is not a simple matter.

But if that is the case, does it mean that this girl was not summoned here by Sakiguchi-senpai? I am sure that her "blind date" with me is based on the premise of resolving the eerie Oshie Hashiko-ita case.

I somehow looked for Sakiguchi-senpai back and forth in the corridor, but that halo shimmering beauty was nowhere to be found, at least not in my field of vision with my glasses on.

I looked around the hallway and looked for Sakiguchi-senpai, but he was nowhere to be found, at least not in my sight through his glasses.

What, Yurihana-chan (pseudonym)?"

I was not listening to that, Yurihana-chan (pseudonym), not Kohtaki-chan, looked doubtful.

Oh, you see, you were so beautiful the way you walked. The way you walk is like a lily."
....."

I was so excited that she looked up at me with her eyes peeled back as I made my excuses.

If it is an expression of "embarrassment" or "dere", which means that you are happy to be praised, it would be the greatest pleasure for me, but unfortunately I cannot judge.

Also, as someone who added the words "the words I release are thorns from roses" after "the way I walk is like a lily," I am not at liberty to greet her even if she takes them at face value.

In fact, it remained unclear how the argument worked in her mind, but

'..... okay. I'll just take back what I said about your ugly posture."

I finally blinked.

I didn't think it would matter now that she had pulled back at least one of the thorns she had unleashed so much, but at least we were having a conversation.

Is it?

If so, it was a superficial conversation.

After all, I didn't get the answer I wanted to ask... Wait, wait, it was Kohtaki who approached me in the first place. I'm not sure what you're trying to say. is essentially the line that should have been spoken by me....

What? I don't have anything to do with you. Don't get cocky, bitch. I just came to take a look at your face.

Kohtaki said as he shrugged, and before I knew it, the distance between us had grown even closer. I'm not sure if I'm going to get stabbed without even realizing it.

What is a face?

When we passed each other yesterday, I didn't realize that you were the newest member of the Bishonen Detective Agency - you just looked like an eccentric schoolgirl to me.

That view in itself is not wrong, but at that time, Kohtaki-chan didn't think that I was the new face of the group...that's what Sakiguchi-senpai informed me.

What is she doing?

She's just passing on information one way and then the other.

I wonder if the power of her beautiful voice is nullified by her tongue.

He was like, "Oh, no. Is that the kind of organization you want to join, even if you have to dress like a man? Does it make you feel good to be surrounded by all those beautiful, well-dressed people?

"I don't want a feather duster.

Tell Gaku to throw away the feather duster, he doesn't need it. Die."

The actual "I'll be able to get a new one" is a good way of saying goodbye and good day to you.

Since it was in the opposite direction from the music room, it seemed that she had not come with Sakiguchi-senpai as I had thought - that was not a lie or a deception, she had indeed come to see my 'side'.

She came to see my "side" in the group she had been rejected to join.

She came to see me after she joined the group.

....."

I had never thought about Kohtaki-chan's feelings from that perspective, as I basically do not think about other people's feelings. (Was it because she had a very bad character?), and Kohtaki's thought, "Why did that eccentric female student get in when I was turned down?"

If someone like that were walking with a hunched back and praised your posture, you would want to stab him.

And he stabbed me with a verbal knife, which is more effective than any kind of verbal abuse.

I was like, "Does it feel good to be surrounded by all these beautiful, well-dressed people who are pampering you?"

Hmmm.

Does it look that way to you?

11 Considerations

Without fear of being misunderstood, I was the type of girl who read a shoujo manga in which the main character is surrounded by cool boys and is having a blast, and thought, "Damn! I must express my strong regret that I am now, objectively speaking, in such a situation.

I can't believe that I am now in the same ring as those girls.!

I don't think I'm in the same ring as those girls, but I guess that's just my self-defense, because I don't want to admit the fact that I'm a reverse-herder.

However, it is not difficult to imagine that if my current position were known, all the girls in the ring school would say, "If you complain too much, you can take my place.

It's not hard to imagine that I would not give up this position to anyone.

Therefore, even if Yurihana-chan (a pseudonym) were to make a complaint that could not necessarily be described as a grudge or resentment, I would have to take it in stride - come to think of it, Sotoin-kun said something like, "You've been spotted by the devil.

Was that what he meant?

He is a beautiful boy who seems to think absolutely nothing of it, yet he shows a keen awareness of the subtleties of human emotions - but that is also why I had my doubts.

But that's why I wondered why our leader, who is so sensitive to people's feelings, turned down Kohtaki's request to join the group.

I guess it's not so strange, since the leader of the group is also the leader who completely ignores my feelings of not wanting to go to the camp.

I guess it is true that Kohtaki-chan does not want to join the Bishonen Tanteidan anymore, but that does not mean that she can overlook my presence, which is a human emotion.

This is especially true when it comes to first-graders.

Looking back, when I was in the first grade, I was a devilish child myself (or so my older brother said).

I was thinking of what I would do if I ever received a monster pressed feather board at my house, but I couldn't just stand there forever, so I headed for the music room - for now, I would take it out on Sakiguchi-senpai, who apparently had a hard time getting things right.

Like a girl in a girl's comic book.

12 Bass Lesson

As soon as I arrived at the music room, Sakiguchi-senpai, who was waiting for me, gave me a spartan voice training lesson.

I thought that I should at least be allowed to say hello to her, even if she was taking it out on me, but I was a little late for the meeting (the devil's fault), and my schedule was packed, so Sakiguchi-senpai was probably in student council president mode rather than vice president mode.

He was quick to teach me techniques to widen (or lower) my range...I won't go into detail because there's no point in writing about it at length, but he touched my throat, lungs, and abdominal muscles.

When I was first converted into a beautiful boy, I had my entire body groped by a genius kid in the art class.

I guess that's also a position that many girls would love to be in, being given music lessons by the ideal student body president, but yes, I can give this one away. I would give it to anyone.

And I'm not doing this as a member of the Bishonen Detective Boys, but as a member of the class.

'Now repeat this exercise three times each morning and each night. By Christmas, you will be as close to your target range as you can get - it is easier to lower your range than to raise it, so please believe that you can do it and keep at it.'

If you can use boys' voices with that look, your 'bishonen' (beautiful boy) will be even more polished," Sakiguchi-senpai concluded the lesson.

Well, in that sense, I guess you could say that this is part of being a member of the group...now that I'm wearing a boy's uniform and even my voice has become that of a boy, I'm not quite sure what I'm aiming for anymore.

Until recently, I was aiming to become an astronaut.

Is this life?

I asked him, "Just to be sure, you don't mean to tell me that your voice hasn't gone low and won't come back, do you?"

I'm sure it will be fine, as long as you don't damage your vocal cords by repeatedly speaking recklessly. If it doesn't come back, we will give you lessons to improve your voice to a husky voice.

Don't play the role of a voice training instructor.

If you do that, you will forget your own voice - come to think of it, your voice is totally different from the voice other people hear.

I'm sure you'll get used to it," he said. After all, the brain only hears voices the way it wants to hear them. My vocal folds, which are called "seven-color voices," and the way they are imitated will have completely different waveforms if they are analyzed mechanically - I have never tried it. I am only gently presenting the voice that the other person perceives as being heard this way.

I've never tried it, but I'll just gently offer a voice that the other person perceives as this one. ""Haa....., by the way, how wide a range do you have, Sakiguchi-senpai? Can you imitate a piano?

I've never had the idea of imitating a piano, but I'm proud to say that I have a range from a woofer-like bass at the bottom to a glass-shattering treble at the top. I am not proud of my range of sound alone, though.

From the way he says it, it seems that he doesn't really think he is proud of it - I think it is because of such a reserved attitude that he is taken in by a little girl like me.

On the contrary, what kind of skills would he be proud of? If that is the true essence of Nagahiro's beautiful voice, then I have yet to be shown - or told - what it is.

Well then, shall we go to the art room now? Ms. Baimi, the choir competition is good, but I'm not sure if I'm ready for it. The choir competition is fine, but have you done the homework assigned by the leader?

Of course I did. The most important thing to remember is that you can't just take away the opportunity to present your work. The most important thing to remember is that you should not be afraid to ask for help from the leader.

I see. Well, if you don't claim to have heard the answer from someone else, then you can do whatever you want.

Damn.

You are persistent in your nail-picking.

Let me tell you, as someone who lied with a nonchalant face, people can't respond to lies unless they are trusted, you know?

How did things go on Sakiguchi-senpai's side?

I had an idea of what to expect, but there was still a possibility that Sakiguchi-senpai had sent me to this reunion, so I asked him that first, as if to probe.

Oh, you mean that?

Sakiguchi-senpai said, as if remembering.

Why would he be playing such a small trick?

I guess so. There is no good news, no bad news.

No news?

At least one of them.

That would mean no progress, wouldn't it?

I visited him at his home, but unfortunately, I couldn't meet him in person - so I tried talking to him on the phone, but that didn't help. I tried to talk to him on the phone first, but we couldn't reach each other. He is a first grader, so there was a limit to how long we could talk on the phone, so we ended up exchanging e-mails, but by 10 p.m. we had lost touch.

Even for a first grader with such a disregard for reality and characterization, it seems that bedtime is realistic.

But he said he couldn't see her in person.

I met him there a while ago."

The only thing is, it was too late for Sakiguchi.

What? Why didn't you say that earlier?

She looked at me as if she was blaming me.

How dare you blame me!

.....Well, of course she blamed me.

But I think Sakiguchi-senpai, who gave me a Spartan education in a systematic flow of work according to the schedule, also bears some of the responsibility - but I'm not going to push the blame around here (because my responsibility is greater).

Sakiguchi-senpai. I'm a little confused... .., what on earth is that girl? What exactly happened between her and the Bishonen Tanteidan this summer? If you could tell me that before I go to the art room, that would be great.

I was reluctant to inquire about the past because it happened before I joined the group, so it was natural that there were circumstances that I was unaware of, and to be honest, I thought it would be too classy to inquire about the past. I could not ignore it.

In order to protect myself, I must know.

Or - to protect the Bishonen Tanteidan.

..... hmm..."

Sakiguchi-senpai stopped his feet as he was leaving the music room.

The most important thing to remember is that the music room is soundproofed, so it's more appropriate for talking.

Certainly, I may have been alienating Baimi-san since yesterday.

Ah, that's not quite right, but that's okay. Let's get on with it.

Yes! I'm a member of the Bishonen Detective Boys!

Yes, I am. And since you are going to be the first friend of Mr. Kohtaki, I don't think I can keep quiet about it.

The devil's first friend?

Such a heavy responsibility in such a humiliating lesson that lasted less than 30 minutes?

I couldn't hide my impatience, but Sakiguchi-senpai, leaving me in the dark, started to play.

East, west, east, west, east, west..."

He began to speak in a nice voice.

13 The Devil's Nativity (Festival, by Seishi Yokomizo)

Now, where should I start?

I'm afraid it's going to be a horrifying story, but first of all, I'd like to talk about the origin of Ms. Kawaike Kohtaki.

I'm sure she's been subjected to all sorts of unbearable rhetoric, but even she wasn't born a demon.

She was not born a demon. "Believe it or not, she was - in fact, I would say she was born with a good looks.

At least when I, Nagahiro Sakiguchi, met her for the first time, she was a lovely young lady who could be called a little lady without any problem.

Please don't say that my expression is pedophile-like. I hope that today's narrative will completely clear up the misunderstanding, but to me, no matter how far I go, she is still my fiancée whom my parents decided to marry without my permission.

She is nothing more than a fiancée whom my parents decided to marry on their own.

Tragically for Ms. Kohtaki.

I know I'm getting off on a tangent here, but where were we? Yes, Mr. Kohtaki, I told you that Yurika (pseudonym), as you call her, was born a Noblesse, far from being a demon or a yokai, didn't I?

No," you said.

I am not saying that because of such a birth, she despises others as 'poor' or 'from the common people.

Her many abusive epithets are somewhat different from such discriminatory sentiments, because before she can remember, she was a member of the Kawaike family, a family that had fallen into decline.

The Kawaike family has fallen into decline.

The Kawaike family has fallen into the sunset because of adult circumstances.

I don't know about that expression, but she is what is called a fallen aristocrat.

She was born a noble, but before she had grown up much, her nobility had become a mere pretense, like a doll.

By the way, the kimono you saw her in is a remnant of her nobility. It was a memento left behind by her mother, who had passed away after a period of hardship.

It is ironic, though, that she kept a piece of property that she would no longer be able to wear once she grew up.

No, it is not.

I don't mean to say that she should have remained a girl for the rest of her life. Please don't go over Hyota-kun's head and make brown-nosing in such a serious scene.

Well, she was forced into a situation that could have put her on the street at a very young age - I explained that her outbursts against you and the people around her were not based on her knowledge of the meaning or the problem. In fact, it may be a manifestation of self-loathing and self-abnegation.

Of course, her hostility toward people who are living comfortably is extraordinary, but - no, I am not saying that you are like that.

I am sure there is no one who is not living as comfortably as you are, and you have friends at other schools that you can rely on.

Please don't say, "You're so clingy. I understand, I was persistent. I apologize.

I never thought I would be the one to apologize for that I thought you were the devil.

I have been talking about the decline and fall of the Kawaike family, but the Kawaike family has a long history, and because of its "tradition," there were circumstances - social circumstances - that prevented it from going out of business.

As Michiru would say with a touch of satire, when a large company goes bankrupt, there is a lot of help from various sources to prevent a chain reaction of bankruptcies - you could even call it being "preyed upon" by various sources.

In the same way, the Kawaike family barely survived - by marrying into the Sakiguchi family, as a concrete measure.

Yes," he said.

That's the backstory behind the "parent's arbitrary choice of fiancée" - disappointing, isn't it? There was no romantic yearning, and no amusement that I was a pedophile. It was just an old-fashioned, political marriage.

You couldn't say no?

Well, I am not as good as Sosaku, but I am aware of my position. Besides, if I had refused through myself, the downfall of the Kawaike family would have been inevitable--I had known the members of the Kawaike family, including Mr. Kohtaki, from before that time, and I was also moved by affection.

If the Kawaike family recovers before I turn 18, there will be no problem. I was blessed, to put it mildly, so I thought it was my duty to help people.

I was mistaken.

I was not the only one who had a sense of duty - Mr. Kohtaki seemed to have assumed that it was up to him.

The barely-connected future of the Kawaike family depended on how well he could maintain his ties to the Sakiguchi family.

It may sound like a childish shortcut, but he was very serious about it - he was only five or six years old and had to take on the responsibility of a continuous family.

I would have preferred him to focus on helping himself rather than clinging to the formalities of marriage, but, well, I guess he did what he could with what he had, in his childish way.

Perhaps it had something to do with the fact that her late mother had given her a rather high-intensity training as a bride.

It may sound cute to say that a little girl is playing "bride" or "make-believe," but at any rate, she has that personality.

But she's got that personality, you know?

You can imagine how things developed after that.

He began to approach me so passionately that it interfered not only with my private life but also with the activities of the student council.

He would visit me every now and then with home-cooked meals.

I'm not sure my training as a bride went that far... Well, in my case, perhaps it's because I have a discerning palate thanks to Michiru's gourmet cooking.

In any case, especially in the beginning, she was a headstrong 'bride' - it was very difficult for me to find a good distance between us.

Constant outings were a compromise, but that led to trouble this summer.

Yes, the Bishonen Tanteidan summer camp.

We had a scheduling conflict. I am not a pedophile, so naturally, I tried to give priority to the camp, but the authorities wouldn't let me do so.

But the devil wouldn't let me do so.

I knew that the existence of the Bishonen Detective Boys would eventually be revealed to Ms. Kohtaki, who had a stalker-like infatuation with me, but the timing couldn't have been worse.

To her, who was trying to protect the family name, the Bishonen Detective Agency must have looked like an evil organization preventing her from going on her prenuptial trip.

From our point of view, she is the devil.

From their point of view, she is the devil, but from their point of view, we are the evil organization.

Michiru might have been able to make a satire out of this, but he didn't have the time to do so.

I am not sure that Kohtaki-san has been confrontational from the first move - she has always had to consider the possibility that I would throw out the marriage.

That kind of table-turning is impossible in practice, though, isn't it? It's a decision made at the adult level.

In that sense, nothing could be more pointless than her feeble and dangerous efforts - but unaware of this, she first tried to join the Bishonen Tanteidan.

She simply thought, "If our travel plans are conflicting, why don't we just go together?"

Yes, as I have already mentioned, that idea was scuttled.

As I have already mentioned, the idea was dropped.

No, I didn't have any doubts about that at the time - it was the Bishonen Tanteidan, as the name implies.

All the members thought that it was natural that women could not join the group - so it was a surprise when Baimi's request was accepted.

I was surprised that they accepted Baimi's request to join the group.

If it was that simple, it would not have helped Ms. Kohtaki, but that doesn't mean I have any sympathy for her.

Because when Mr. Kohtaki was rejected, plan B was to take a hard-line approach.

Hard-line measures. It was also a violent measure.

As Baimi said, she would walk without a footstep, right? "As you just did, she can walk up behind you without being noticed, can't she?"

Likewise, Ms. Kohtaki, at the end of the first semester.

"In the elementary school building, she walked up behind our leader and pushed him down a flight of stairs.

"and pushed him down the stairs.

14 The Reason for the Quillboard

..... Fortunately, it was not serious, but the leader hurt his leg when he lost his balance and landed on the ground - we had to cancel the summer camp in order to focus on the treatment.

.....

Sakiguchi spoke without hesitation, but the fact that the owner of such a beautiful voice spoke so plainly seemed to convey his unceasing indignation and anger.

It was no wonder.

The group is so loyal that they would have been stared at from all sides just for asking the leader to do the heavy lifting of the feather board. It is a wonder that Kohtaki-chan is still alive today if they were to engage in a direct act of violence and cause a monstrous injury to her.

The act was certainly demonic, but it was a blessing in disguise that they were only called demons.

I can even say, "That's the size of our leader's capacity, isn't it? He forbade us to touch Mr. Lake Taki at all.

I see,....., but you're right. If not, then he would have smashed the little girl to death, wouldn't he?

How can you make such an assumption about the person you are closest to among the members?

Well, even if there is no smothering, that is exactly what Sakiguchi-senpai is doing, ignoring the family orders and even abandoning the engagement. Since it happened in the elementary school building, I wonder if the members feel that their protection didn't reach them.

The leader defended Mr. Kohtaki, saying, "It was just a slip of the foot," so it didn't become a problem, but perhaps he regretted that he had indeed gone too far, and Mr. Kohtaki never approached the Bishonen Tanteidan again.

Until yesterday...?

Yes. I am sure that the appearance of a new member, you, was the trigger for Mr. Kohtaki - that is why I foolishly hope that you, Baimi, will become her friend.

I almost slipped up and said, "That is indeed a foolish idea," but then I finally understood what was going on.

So it was.

I had always thought that there was a terrible child who had been subjected to terrible words, but when I took the time to talk to him,....., I found out that he had his own reasons. ..., circumstances

"....."

I don't get much of an impression.

If it were possible, I'd like to hear an episode that makes me think, "I misunderstood her, what a poor girl! I would have liked to hear an episode that would have made me think, "I was wrong!" but alas, it didn't turn out the way I thought it would - in fact, if only the simple awfulness of the situation increased.

Needless to say, it's a terrible thing to have your family fall and you almost end up on the street, but usually no family can fall, and if you end up with a beautiful, good-natured, non-pedophile fiancée as a result, you should at least be happy, if not happy, at least not unhappy.

I could understand that the snide remarks they made about "the lower ranks" were based on a complex complex, but that didn't excuse them, and I wasn't particularly moved by them.

It's too bad I'm a piece of trash, Yurika-chan (pseudonym).

No, it is precisely because you are such a scab that I cannot help but hope that you will be Kohtaki-chan's first friend.

Please don't call me "scum" in general.

No, I did not. I have never dared to confirm this with the leader. I am sure he has some deep thoughts about it.

Loyalty, if it goes that far, is akin to slave spirit,....., and unless that point is resolved, I don't think there is any chance in the world that a friendship will arise between me and Kohtaki-chan.

I was going to be brief, but it turned out to be longer than I expected. So, let's head to the art room...I'm sure everyone is already there.

"Oh, yes, that's right. I have to show everyone my theory.

To be honest, I was tempted to ask for more details, but time was of the essence, and I would have to ask in the art room.

I would like to hear an opinion that is not from Sakiguchi-senpai's point of view -- I feel that Sakiguchi-senpai's point of view is too harsh on Kohtaki-chan, as she tries to make it clear that she is not a pedophile.

Well, since she has a record of harming Soutouin-kun, I feel that the other members' viewpoints are not much different... We went out into the hallway.

We went out into the hallway and headed for the art room.

Yes. I'm sure you couldn't confirm this, but are you sure that the reason Kohtaki-chan brought the feather board into the art room without permission is because she was trying to get her fiancé to send it back to her?

I think so. Such things have happened in the past, so in essence, it was a childish attempt to establish the fact that he was going to receive a gift from his fiancée.

Childish?

It seems childish in its own way, but it also sounds badass.

The idea of using the return as a gift is one step ahead of sending fraud - by making the recipient send back a suspicious item, they are trying to make it into a gift., but is it correct to interpret that that's why the gift was a feather board?

I also recalled on the way there, but as I recall, sending a Hagoita was a custom for girls on the first day of the New Year - by foreshadowing this, was Sakiguchi-senpai trying to create an environment where it would be easy for him to give Kohtaki-chan a gift, "anyway"?

For example, if there was a ladle in my desk for some reason, I would not be able to just leave it in my desk, even though I did not understand its meaning, so I might give it to Mr. Bad Boy as a gift, something like that.

And is that why it's so huge? So huge that you can't hold it?

If such a huge feather board was placed in the art room of the Bishonen Tanteidan's office, it could not be left as it was, nor could it be easily disposed of...the plan is full of holes, but as a shot in the arm, it is not impossible.

The first thing to do is to make sure that you have a good idea of what you're doing and how you're going to do it, and then you can make your own decision. I never suspected Sakiguchi-senpai of being a pedophile.)

Considering the current cultural climate, there is a possibility that Sakiguchi-senpai will be socially terminated before he is old enough to get married...and when I think of that, I cannot afford to overlook even a single piece of Hagoita.

We can almost prove that it is Kohtaki-chan's work with just Sakiguchi-senpai's testimony alone, but we need to find out how she brought something of that size and weight to the art room, and make sure she returns it to the owner.... I'm sure we'll be able to prove almost anything.

Thinking about it, I couldn't help but think that I should have made a proper deduction last night instead of going through the trouble - well, I'll just leave it to the other four.

.....Hey?

Wait a minute.

I had cleverly tried to cover up my sabotage by having the order for the presentation of guesses moved to the end, but now that the presentation was about to take place, I realized a terrible fact.

Unlike last time, Sakiguchi-senpai was exempted from the obligation to guess (Rule 3 of the group rules), and in this case, not a single member had come up with a proper guess, right?

The leader of the group, Sotoin-kun, must have come up with some off-the-mark guesses first - he must have come up with a theory that the monster in the feather board was actually a real monster and that "he" had brought it here.

Kawabanga!

And although the leader is too uninhibited to hide in the shadows, he and Ikutami-kun are similar when it comes to deductions. Especially in this case, I am sure that he will come up with a solution that is a tour de force, just like the physical team.

Even if the genius-kun comes up with the sharpest and sharpest reasoning, he is a bit out of the ordinary and uncommunicative, so in the end, it is up to Sotoin-kun, who is in charge of the translation, or rather, it is up to his three-dimensional mind. That is to say, it is almost the same as the conclusion that the correct answer can never be given.

Even if, by some miracle, the child prodigy were to speak on his own, it would be limited to one or two words.

That would be a hint, but not an answer.

Then, the only person left is the delinquent.

He is already known to be a serious person, so I am sure he will come up with a good guess even though he is grumbling, but I don't have high expectations for him. I have never seen him guess right.

I'd like to reverse it, if I had to. It's as if he guesses just to get me to say something ridiculous.

Wow.

This is definitely going to be my turn.

My God, if I don't do something, my negligence will be exposed... - I suddenly felt frustrated, but the situation was far beyond my expectations.

15 Breaking off the Engagement

Nevertheless, the presentation itself proceeded as expected - Sotoin-kun gave his absurd reasoning, Ikutoku-kun gave his forceful reasoning, Tenshi-kun kept silent and did not speak, and Nada-kun gave his commonplace reasoning.

Soutouin-kun's absurd reasoning and Ikupa-kun's forceful reasoning are not worth describing (to summarize, they are "magic tunnel" and "guts," respectively), but let me introduce Bad-kun's commonplace reasoning.

If they used a dolly, how were they going to dispose of it? If that's the case, how about using the feather board itself as the cart? In other words, the board that was used for the cart's bed was used as the base of the feather board as it was., and the disassembled parts such as the wheels and axles could be disposed of somehow.

It was like saying, "If it's a disassembled part of a wheel or axle, you can dispose of it somehow.

Right on!

Perhaps if he had belonged to a normal detective agency, he might have sprouted as a boy detective,..... and I was really regretting the fact that this was the Bishonen Detective Agency.

However, there was a hole in the straightforward reasoning.

What are you going to do about the stairs? Are you going to lift them up with your guts?"

He had not prepared a response to Namaeki-kun's retort and simply retracted his own theory, saying, "That's why I'm not suited for this, I'm not suited for reasoning.

He is a regrettable boy, even though he is really suited for it.

However, I did not console him because I feared that if he found his own way in deduction rather than cooking, it might hinder my future eating habits.

I was the one who was more impatient than he was.

Even the "unserious" members of the team had brought in their own theories, but I was going in with my hands full of empty fists...damn, I can't wait to see how I'm going to get through this predicament!

However, before I could make my announcement, Mr. Fujinkan looked very uncomfortable and said, "I think that's enough, don't you?

I think that's enough, don't you?

I said, "I guess that's enough, isn't it?

It would be quicker to ask him how that devil brought the feather board to Nagahiro, maybe you didn't ask the right questions.

He's a pedophile.

I didn't mean to be naive, Michiru. I am not a pedophile, Mr. Hyota. However, it was certainly my fault that I could not get a confession. Therefore, I think it would be best to make it impossible for them to escape by establishing the means of bringing in a confession.

No, but if that happens, even if we determine the means and confront him with the evidence, that devil will not admit to the crime, nor will he show remorse for it.

Well, well, the story is spreading as if I am something I am not... Is this a new kind of bullying?

I'm not sure if this is a new kind of bullying or not, but perhaps the delinquent noticed my suspicious behavior and followed up on it.

I'm sorry for saying whatever I wanted without consoling you, even if it was in my mind!

If I were a girl who could apologize honestly, I would have apologized - I am a girl who cannot apologize honestly, and I am truly sorry.

However, in spite of my gratitude to Mr. delinquent, the story took a rather strange turn.

The third rule of the group, to be a detective, does not mean to simply make deductions from a desk, does it? What is required is a fundamental solution.

What are you trying to say? Michiru?

No, you're not a pedophile, but you're the cause of all this, aren't you, continuing your relationship with the devil? If you're not in the mood for it, then maybe you should just dump him.

"....."

The most important thing to remember is that the problem is not a matter of family background.

The most important thing to remember is that it's a matter of family background.

In some ways, this is a more troublesome problem than that of the successor to the Ring Foundation, which the genius has to deal with - at this point, Sakiguchi's decision to "properly shake" Kohtaki is nothing less than a decision to destroy a house.

Michiru, you have to take Nagahiro's feelings into consideration. She thinks it's too early to make a decision.

I wondered if he felt the same way, but he didn't. "At least until he graduates from elementary school," he said.

I want to enjoy my engagement with the devil at least until I graduate from elementary school," he said.

I'm not thinking about it."

Please shut up for a minute, Sakiguchi-senpai.

The actuality is, Sakiguchi spent only a little bit of time to think about it.

I understand. I can't cause any more trouble for the group...and more importantly, I'm at my limit.

Sakiguchi-senpai said.

His voice was not what you would call beautiful.

Let's break off the engagement between you and Mr. Kohtaki as of today, the engagement relationship that your parents decided on without your permission."

It was not because I was urged to do so by Mr. Defective.

After all, I was waiting for a chance.

As soon as Kohtaki-chan harmed Sotoin-kun, it was as if this end had been decided - even though we had continued our relationship by deceit, we had reached our limit somewhere along the way.

I was just the catalyst.

I was only the catalyst - or, to be more precise, I didn't do a good job of reasoning last night, so I had to get help from Fujinkun, which led to Sakiguchi-senpai and Kohtaki-chan breaking off their engagement.

Idiot.

How could my negligence result in the destruction of one of my homes, was I such an influential girl?

I'm not sure I'm ready for that. Are you sure about that?"

After a short pause, the leader asked Sakiguchi-senpai, as if to make sure.

I'm sure it's fine with me," the leader asked Sakiguchi. As I have told you many times, it was really just a slip of the foot. I wasn't pushed down by the devil."

I said, "..... Even if that were true, it is a fact that Mr. Kohtaki, with his footsteps muffled, approached the leader's back. I should have made my decision then.

'You don't neglect your family in favor of me, or us, do you?'

Here is Sotoin-kun, who says the sane thing.

It is hard to believe that for some reason, he is quite decent when it comes to his family and parents - the same was true for me.

But, to such a leader's concern, he said.

He said, "No, I have been taking on too much - as a junior high school student, I shouldn't have to take on such things as family background. Even though I was his fiancée, I treated him as if he was my guardian, and that was my mistake.

Sakiguchi shook his head.

Rule number two of the group is to be a boy, right?

"Hmm."

When the rules were brought up, Soutouin-kun nodded his head as if he was satisfied.

Then he turned to me and said, "So.

Are you sure about this, Baimi-kun?"

What?

Me? Me?

There may have been no deep meaning.

In order to unify the team's decision, they may have just been trying to solicit the opinions of one person at a time as a formality in closing this presentation. It may have just been a question that went around.

However, I felt as if I had been caught out by the fact that he asked me that - that he felt sorry for Kohtaki-chan.

I felt as if she knew that I felt that way...well, she totally deserved it, and there was no room for sympathy anywhere.

When Sakiguchi-senpai told me what had happened to her, I was like, "Oh yeah," and I was still angry about the many abusive words she had said to me when we first met.

If I had to choose whether I liked her or not, I would say I didn't like her, and I would probably drop the subject, but I don't think we could ever be friends.

Even though I feel a little guilty about the fact that I have become the member she wanted to be, however, I am not a complete human being to the extent that I have to take on a sense of obligation to be a member of the group.

To be honest, I don't know anything about the family background.

I don't even know what kind of noble family the Kawaike family was, let alone what kind of family the Sakiguchi family was - I am just one girl.

A girl, extremely vicious, calculating, stupid, twisted, violent, spiteful, black-hearted, and without a single good thing about her.

But that doesn't mean I should abandon her.

But that doesn't mean I should abandon her, right?

I am Mayumi Bikan, right?

It's no good, Leader... a world where you can only help people you like and good people is not a beautiful world at all.

You can help even the scum you don't like.

I said this to Soutouin, to Sakiguchi-senpai, to Fuji-kun, to Ikusoku-kun, and even though I didn't participate in the conversation, to Genji-kun, and then I thought about it.

I think, think, think, think.

I think about it, I think about it, I think about it, I think about it, I think about it, I think about it.

The problem now is that Kohtaki-chan, who never knows what she might do, has the possibility of bringing any dangerous object into this art room at will - if we can eliminate that possibility, we can at least get the situation back to zero.

If we can get back to that point, we are not talking about breaking off the engagement here and now. We will be able to return to a peaceful environment where Sakiguchi-senpai will be greatly ridiculed as a pedophile.

Think, think, think, think, think.

There has to be a realistic solution - a way for a little girl to carry this human-sized feather board without any difficulty.

If there was a way that a first grader with the thin arms of a first grader could carry, or at least a way that even someone as strong as I am could carry it...

"Star Seekers..."

I thought, "I'm not a star seeker.

At that moment, the child prodigy spoke.

I had treated him as an afterthought the other day, and I had been led to believe that this time he would go on without speaking until the end, but he spoke.

He spoke, and it was the longest speech I have ever heard him say.

He said, "I only look for the sky, but I must never forget it. The ground you see when you turn your head down is also a star.

It was more enigmatic than advice, more like a prophecy, but it was enough.

I had arrived at the truth.

Or should I say, I had landed on it.

Or should I say, I had landed on it.

17 Epilogue

Thanks to our training, we, the second grade D class, won the gold prize at the chorus contest!

.....What do you care? I don't think so.

And by the way, we didn't win any gold medals. In the choral competition at Ring Academy, where fairness and equality are the prerequisites, there is no such a trivial concept as rankings - everyone who participated won first prize.

Yes, yes.

So, to tell you the not-so-important side of the story, as it turns out, Sakiguchi-senpai's engagement relationship with Kawaikekotaki-chan was never broken off.

The student council president's suspicion of being a pedophile was never cleared, and to this day - I don't know if that's a good thing or a bad thing, but today is a good day.

Well, it wasn't me who came to the conclusion, it was almost like a child prodigy - he may have known the truth of the matter from the very beginning.

I don't know whether he kept silent because of his taciturn character or because he thought this was an opportunity to cut ties with the group and the devil.

Did he share the same feelings with me, or was it me, not Kohtaki-chan, that he felt sorry for?

Well, I am Tensai-kun's "work of art," so in that sense, he may be taking good care of me - I don't know what kind of feelings I should have about that, but let's put that aside for a moment and look at the assist in the example.

I don't know how to feel about that, but I'll leave it aside and give you an example of assistance: "Those who look for the stars only look for the sky - but don't ever forget that. The ground you see when you look down is also a star.

These words, which at first glance sound like a riddle (see), in a way offer a more satirical lesson than the satire of the delinquent, but they are so true that it is almost disconcerting.

The star seeker, of course, is me, who has been looking for the stars for ten years, but the sky is not the sky in this case.

It was the ceiling.

On the ceiling of the art room, the (illegal) activities of the Bishonen Detective Boys have created a planetarium-like starry sky - a so-called ceiling painting.

For me, who had lost all interest in looking up at the sky after learning the identity of the dark stars, the ceiling of the art room with 88 constellations on it was a great reason to wake up again.

Therefore, the context that we should not forget that we can see the irreplaceable star called earth even when we are lying face down is very useful for a person like me, but it is not so.

It is like the ground against the sky.

If you take it as the floor against the ceiling - that is the truth of the case.

If there is a ceiling, there is also a subfloor.

Until then, all I had been thinking about was how to transport a huge feather board - how a first grader could bring something that size and weight to this place.

But it is not necessary to bring it with you. There is a way to think about procuring materials locally.

We would have to bring in cloth, cardboard, cotton, glue, newspaper, and other materials to make the oshie part of the monster, but - for the foundation and the problematic hagoita part - there is a way to get it locally, in other words, at the art room.

The floor.

If we hollow out the classroom floor, we can create a single board.

"That's absurd. If we hollow out the floor, it will be obvious..."

I was about to say, "It would be obvious if we hollowed out the floor...", when Mr. Fujinaga interrupted me, but he realized it himself without my having to reply.

Yes, it would not be obvious.

Because, just as they used the entire surface of the ceiling as a canvas to express beauty, the members of the Bishonen Tanteidan had beautifully decorated even the thick floorboards of the rugged special classrooms, which were originally intended to be only about strength - they had even laid long-footed carpets in every nook and corner that would have caught their feet or made them uncomfortable to step on with their shoes on. It was so thick that it was almost impossible to step on it with one's shoes.

In other words, the carpet was blindfolded.

So, in a very real sense, no one could see what was going on under the carpet. I am ashamed to say that I had never even thought about whether the floor was made of wood or not. It could be a marble floor - or no floor at all. It is said that "hell is under one plank," but in this case, we had not checked to see if there was a plank under one of the carpets.

The specific location was under the table. Under the table where we had been discussing and eating our meals, there was no danger of someone unknowingly stepping on it and falling into it like a pit.

I don't think I could have noticed that when I placed the feather board on the table, when it was just the right size....

To put a finer point on it, when cutting the feather board out of the floor, it was not easy to lift up the entire carpet, so Kohtaki-chan had to get under the table and cut the fine carpet with a cutter.

It was a rough job, but she did a very careful job of sewing the carpet together after cutting it out. Of course, it was also fortunate that the length of the carpet made it difficult to see the stitch marks.

The aphorism of the gorgeous rich being scooped up (literally, underfoot) by the gorgeous rich was a heartbreaking story for a person of bad character like myself, but the way this impossible crime was created to exploit one's blind spot, once the possibility of the crime was conceived of, was a crime of imperfection that could have been exposed simply by examining it. It was an imperfect crime that could be exposed just by examining it.

Especially if it were me, I could see under the carpet just by taking off my glasses - and even if I didn't, I would not be able to help but notice the existence of a gaping hole, the size of a human being, if I kept on stepping on the floor of the art room with my roller treader strategy.

However, to Kohtaki's credit, the idea of local procurement is a simple one, but by no means an easy one.

Even though we were lucky that the original floor design was able to create a seamless look, it would have been much easier to bring in the boards in some other way, somehow, if I may say rather labor-intensive. When the members were away, I snuck into the art room, cut up the carpet, hollowed out the floor, and, of course, since it could not be used as is, sanded it to a shine - the resulting wood shavings were discarded under the floor.

The work could not be done in a day or two, even with time off from school, and there would be times when he would run into other members of the team.

It would have been covered in wood chips, though.

Speaking of which, there was a question as to why Kohtaki-chan was wearing a kimono instead of her school uniform when she bumped into me at the end of the day, albeit in the corridor. It could be interpreted that she was cleaning the uniform that she had soiled when she hid herself.

As a result, the fact that I, who was more than a little freaked out, was slow to tell the members about the encounter worked to Kohtaki-chan's advantage. Well, since everything was eventually exposed, I feel that it was just a minor coincidence.

After all was said and done, it was doubtful whether I was able to follow up on Kohtaki-chan by exposing the truth, as I had intended.

Although I was no longer afraid of not knowing how she had brought in the suspicious object, it was revealed that she had damaged the carpet, sawed the floor, and committed

other quite dynamic acts of destruction - to say it was the work of the devil would be an exaggeration, but if the school found out about it, even if it was a student from the elementary school, they would be forced to pay for it. If the school were to find out, even if he was a student of the elementary school, he would be expelled from the school at once.

Well, at that time, all the members of the Bishonen Tanteidan, except for the leader, would be expelled from school, so there would be no way for it to be publicized in any case. But, I was not surprised.

However, he said.

But, "Well, okay...let's call it good. I know that Ms. Kohtaki will not admit her guilt when I confront her with this clear evidence, but if we know the method, we can plan our defense in the future," he said.

But if we know how to do it, we can plan a defense in the future," he said.

Then he glanced at me with a resentful glare and said, "The devil has a good friend.

The devil has a good friend," he added.

Who was he talking about?

Well, he had a beautiful voice, so I'll let him off the hook.

And - I seem to have had a good junior colleague too."

The master of speeches knows what he's talking about when he throws in a series of inaudible words at

He knows what he's talking about.

I have a good senior too, senpai-kun.

So, the whole affair was not quite settled, but I must also report that, as a byproduct, the destination of the Bishonen Tanteidan's winter training camp has been decided.

I also have to report that the Bishonen Detective Agency has decided on a destination for its winter training camp (including my opinion that they should not go on the trip in the first place). I have a lot of ideas (including my opinion that we don't have to go on the trip in the first place), but I think it would be a good idea to go to the winter training camp.

But Mr. Ikutoku's opinion, "Why don't you start by properly locking up the door?

I was able to accept his opinion.

I thought he meant to install a new key and lock on the door, but the key is visible from the corridor, so it is not something that can be modified as desired as in a room (even rooms are not allowed).

Therefore, we have no choice but to use the existing one, but that key is missing, which is why the art room has been left open until now - no.

No, it is not exactly missing.

Its whereabouts are known.

The former owner of the art room, the former art teacher, Ms. Kowako Ekui, must have it.

So, let's go see her! Let's go see her! Let's go to the uninhabited island where that teacher is doing her art activities, in search of beauty!"

The reason why Ikutoku-kun was more enthusiastic than usual probably had something to do with Eien-chan's paint-covered beauty, but since the artist genius seemed to silently agree with the itinerary of going to see her, I had no choice but to raise my hand in return for his advice. I had no choice but to raise my hand in return for his advice.

Well, it wasn't as if I didn't have the same desire to meet Ms. Ekui.

The Bishonen Tanteidan's long-cherished wish for a training camp came true, but of course, we were to encounter new disturbances at the destination.

Finally.

A few days after solving the mystery, when we happened to be alone in the art room, I asked Sotoin-kun what I really wanted to confirm.

Hey, leader, why did you refuse to accept Kohtaki's admission to the group? Why did you refuse Kohtaki-chan's application but accepted mine?

This was a question, but at the same time, it was a resentment.

If Sotoin-kun had accepted her admission, Kohtaki-chan would not have committed such a heinous act as pushing the leader down the stairs, the summer camp would have gone smoothly, and as a result, I would not have had my winter vacation ruined.

I would not have been able to pretend to be an eccentric and go to bed at around 10:00 p.m. on New Year's Eve, but this year I couldn't do it.

I'd like to correct a misunderstanding first, Baimi. I have said this many times, but no one believes me. Am I lacking in leadership qualities?"

Yes, but that's because I'm protecting Kohtaki-chan..."

I had interpreted this to mean that with her lack of footsteps, it would be easy for her to sneak up behind me without being noticed... but to put it another way, anyone would be surprised if she suddenly called out to me, even if she stood behind me and I couldn't notice her.

In fact, the first time I was approached by the leader, I almost fell from the rooftop.

If Soutouin-kun was no exception in that respect - but since she had a history of refusing to join the group, did the members assume that she had pushed him off the roof? In that case, whatever Soutouin-kun said would have sounded like he was protecting her...

And was that the reason why you turned down Koutaki's offer to join the group? You know that already, Baimi. All I have is aesthetics, and we are the Bishonen Detective Agency, remember?"

The manabu of aesthetics said crisply.

This is no place for a maiden in love.

....."

If that was the difference between me and Kohtaki-chan, then, well, I have nothing to complain about.

Not because I am a woman - because I am a maiden.

If that is the case, if I were to become romantically involved with one of the members in the future, would I also be expelled without mercy?

Not even if the earth cracks open.

So, anyway, if Sotoin-kun, who was supposedly eager to sustain the marriage relationship with the Sakiguchi family for the sake of the Kawaike family and for the survival of the family, saw the unconcealed passion in her heart and rejected Kohtaki's wish to join the group, then that is also aesthetically pleasing. However, if it was a maiden like me, I would not have been able to do so.

However, if a non-maiden like me can still poke around in the corner of a heavy box one more time, I wonder if that passion was really directed toward her fiancé?

I can't help but remember.

Kohtaki-chan said this to me when we parted the second time we met: "Tell Manabu that I don't want the feather board and that I want him to throw it away. Die.

Well, aside from "die," the first part - Kohtaki-chan said, "Tell Manabu.

Tell Manabu.

Of course, how one takes the fact that he named the leader and not the deputy leader depends on the person - I know that it is most natural to take it as just naming the highest authority, which is reasonable for a top-down organization.

So it would be a twisted view of a minority to interpret that line as meaning that Kohtaki-chan wanted the feather board sent back to her - that it was the leader who wanted to give it to her. If she had been keeping her distance from me for a while, and her only goal was the Shonosakiguchi family, she should have left the Bishonen Tanteidan alone, regardless of whether I joined the group or not...that's just a third-party opinion, and moreover, if she didn't push me away, what was she doing when she crept up behind me? And if she didn't push him off, it would be just a lowlife's intuition to guess what she was going to say when she crept up behind him.

It is not a detective's work.

It is impossible to ask the members of the Bishonen Tanteidan, which is no place for a girl in love, to understand such subtleties, and even I, who found a place there, am not qualified to talk about the cute love of a grown-up girl that is about to begin, as if I know.

If I were to be a bad friend and talk about it with her in a lively manner, but in this case, it is definitely not something I would go out of my way to say in a low voice.

(Beginning)

(2) "The human relations between people" is a statement of the student's true nature.

It goes without saying that the main duty of a student is to study, but I, Hitomidoujima Eyebrows Mayumi, have about ten subjects that I am not good at, and one of them is physical education.

I am not good at sports.

It's not that I can't do exercise, it's more that I don't want to do exercise as much as possible... The board of directors of the private Finger Lobewa Academy is cutting the arts curriculum from the required courses to the limit, but I would strongly argue that there are things that should be cut before that.

Well, it is a bit of an exaggeration to say that we should cut back on classes, but since physical education is about nurturing the body, I think it is enough to keep the body healthy through exercise - how dare they say that a healthy soul resides in a healthy body?

Of course, it is an obvious fact that I do not have a healthy soul, but this is not because of my poor athletic skills - my poor character has nothing to do with my physical education performance.

Anyway, I am trying to say that I cannot and do not want to be athletic, and therefore have no, no, no idea what it is like to be athletic - why run? Why do we throw? Why do we jump? Why do we hit?

I think that it is meaningless to be a great athlete if you destroy your body, as if I am a sore loser - I guess I am more jealous than sore loser.

When I was in elementary school, I was only bitter at the gymnasts who stood out in the classroom while I secretly observed the stars.

I felt that they were all arrogant because their bodies grew a little too fast - in much the same way that I felt that way about honor roll students who were arrogant because their brains grew a little too fast.

Now, I, such a twisted person, was going to cheer for an athlete on behalf of the members of the Bishonen Tanteidan, so I don't know what the world is like.

I have no idea. I don't understand the world so much that I can't understand it at all.

In this case, the athlete is Ashikaga Hyota, who is also a member of the group and is a member of the physical fitness team - a first-year class A student, Ashikaga Hyota.

He is also known as "Tenshi Chou," or "Angel Chief," or as he calls himself, "Hyota the Beautiful Legs.

I, a cynical person who hates to follow the same path or do things the same way to the right, call him "Shodan-kun" (生足 kun).

He is the ace of the track and field club, who will probably die if he is not wearing shorts - yes, this time I am going to support him in his activities as a member of the track and field club.

I am not a specialist in this field (because it is not my area of expertise). I was told that a regional short-distance race would be held at a stadium in the suburbs, and that Ikutoku was going to participate in the final of the race.

When I heard that he was the only member of the Ring Gakuen Track and Field Club to participate in the finals, I was reminded of the obvious: "You really are an ace, aren't you, Ikutoku-kun?"

Well, even though I am a shallow person who is not good at sports and does not understand the meaning or value of sports, I am not the worst person to be stingy with the success of my friends, so I was happy to hear the news of his advancement to the finals as if it were my own.

I thought it was just first-year aces and pretty boys getting pampered, but I guess it wasn't!

This impression and the fact that he was so pleased with his fellow students' achievement as if it were his own was pretty lousy when you think about it, and therefore, he got the bum's rush - he received a direct order from the leader of the Bishounen Tanteidan, Sousou Touinin Gakuin Manabu-kun.

"Biyomi-kun! It's our boy, Hyota's big day, and we want you to be there to see it! Cheer for him for the rest of us!"

That's what he said.

What? Why me?

Why me? I've never cheered for anyone before.

Why me?

The reason why I should be asked was more obvious than meets the eye, considering the nature of the Bishonen Tanteidan - the members of the group are not allowed to talk to each other outside the art room.

It would be a major public morals issue if the school's representative bishounen were cheering from the audience for the school's representative bishounen - it would be bad for Sotoin-kun from the Elementary School to be the center of attention there.

So, this was also a job that only I could do...apparently there are so many jobs that only I can do that it makes me wonder how on earth they were doing before I joined the group.

Oh dear, I can't wait to see what the future holds.

With a shrug of the shoulders like that, I arrived at the athletic field where the tournament was to be held - by the way, I was not dressed as a man.

Today I came in a girl's uniform.

I hadn't pulled it out of the closet in a while.

I did not take off my disguise because it was Sunday.

Rather, I was aware that I was in disguise by returning to my original appearance.

I don't want to be seen by the other students at Ring Academy cheering on Ikutami-kun while in bishonen mode, even if not as much as the other four, and from there, the existence of the Bishonen Detective Boys would be publicly revealed.

To tell the truth, I don't like to be embarrassed.

So, I tried to take up my position in the area where I could see the ground as it is - in other words, as a dark and plain girl.

As far as I could see, there was not a single ring student in the audience - I am sure of it because I took off my glasses for a moment and searched every corner of the room.

It's not that the bleachers are deserted, as students from other participating schools have come in cheering groups, but, what does it mean that not even a member of the track and field team is to be found? Well, since the short-distance race in which Mr. Ikume participates is ultimately an individual event, there is no need for the entire track and field team to come out to cheer him on.

I sat down on a plastic chair, tilting my head - I had chosen a seat that was easy to see, and since I was sitting right next to another school's cheerleading squad, I could hear their voices even if I didn't want to.

I could hear their voices. They had tremendous enthusiasm and a sense of unity.

It was as if we were running with the athletes...and that feeling is also difficult for someone like me to understand.

I just can't relate to the feeling of being a fan of a particular team in professional sports, or cheering for the Japanese national team at an international tournament - I can't help but think that I am not the one playing.

Or, from the players' point of view, I feel that my support is meaningless.

I don't think it's possible that watching baseball on TV and being happy or sad about the trend of my favorite team would affect the players - maybe it would be a little different if I shouted directly from the stands, but it could also have a negative effect in the form of pressure. But can't that have a negative effect on the athletes?

To put it bluntly, athletes perform best when they play calmly in a quiet environment where they can concentrate.

I stood next to the cheering crowds of other schools and wondered darkly - or perhaps that's why the ring students didn't come to the stadium?

To increase the concentration of the fresh-footed students?

I wonder if such an order has been issued within the middle school, of which I am unaware - but is it possible that the leader of the elementary school, who is unaware of such an order, has dispatched me, who has few friends, without reading the atmosphere?

It is possible.

Or perhaps the rule of no running away, which is the basis of fan clubs, is strictly enforced - although I am not sure if there is a fan club at Ikurokun's Ikurokun, which is disappointing all the girls.

If that is the case, I was the one with the good face who came to cheer him on, but there is a big hole in this reasoning (rule #3: be a detective), which is not so beautiful.

Still, it is strange that the track team members are not here, isn't it? Even though they are individual athletes, they are supposed to be practicing together.

Even looking around the grounds (I took off my glasses again. It's an abuse of my eyesight that I don't even do in this volume), you don't even see the advisor. That's because, although they don't cut physical education classes, the ring school is not exactly enthusiastic about club activities, and the track and field team is by no means prestigious or strong.

Is this perhaps an insidious form of bullying by the athletic department, arising from jealousy and envy of the first-year ace?

If so, the theory that a sound soul resides in a sound body becomes even more dubious, but if you think about it, it would be more than unreasonable to expect them to grow up straight in a life where they are constantly compared to others, constantly made to compete with someone else, and cruelly rated on who wins, loses, and is rated the highest. Is it too much to ask?

I am a twisted person, but perhaps sportsmen, with whom I have no connection, have the same kind of problems.

I feel sympathy in such a dark place, and it seems that my individuality is demonstrated to the fullest extent, whether I am dressed as a man or a woman.

If I had not been a member of the group, I would never have cheered for the beautiful freshman ace of the track team, but....

I had come to the venue with nothing more than reluctance, but when I finally got myself, albeit slightly, into the mood to cheer...

"Hey, you. Don't tell me you're from the Ring Academy?"

I was approached by a cheering group right next to me.

From the students of the Hair Decorating Junior High School.

I was so excited.

The reason why I was the only one from the Ring Academy who came to cheer for Ikutsuki-kun was now clear - it was not to concentrate on him, nor was it a fan club rule, nor was it an expression of jealousy over his success.

It was simply because I could not guarantee his safety.

In the finals of the tournament, the members of the track and field team of Kageshika Junior High School, a natural enemy of the Ring Gakuen Middle School, were also competing - and I had inadvertently positioned myself right next to their cheering section.

I should have realized this when I looked around earlier - the lesson I learned is that no matter what you do or don't do, if you are not trying to see, you can't see anything.

The students of Kashikuri Junior High School, who are, to put it mildly, rough, and the students of Ring Gakuen, who are, to put it mildly, leniently nurtured, tend to be at odds with each other in some way - usually, there is no outward conflict because of the watchfulness of the watchman and the attention of the student council president (but their territory is clearly defined). However, the two beautiful girls are not able to reach this stadium.

Well, even though they are natural enemies, they are basically natural enemies in the natural world sense, where we are preyed upon unilaterally by them, so the best way for us to protect ourselves is to stay out of our own territory - that is why none of the ring students, including the track team, have come to the venue.

It's a good thing that even the advisors didn't show up, but sports cheerleaders, you see, tend to get heated

We often see riots, clashes, etc.

So, I can understand that there is a concern for avoiding collisions between cheering groups - when we were discussing the dangers of walking around without being able to see what's going on around you, I thought, 'No, wait, isn't it dangerous for cars to drive forward? Besides, it destroys the environment.' It is a wild and crude solution, but it is understandable as an emergency measure.

And yet, I had come to the venue on my own, as the leader had asked me to do. That leader, he sent me on this extraordinary mission, to me like this, to this level of me, to me like this, to me like this, to me like this, to me like this I am not a leader.

Who do you think I am? In the opposite sense.

As if to take advantage of the opportunity I had been given to be caught up in my resentment toward my superiors, I was surrounded by them in a flash.

It was as if they were going to throw me up in the air.

Why are you here, you ring students?

From boys and girls alike, without mercy.

From everywhere, there were words like, "Well, well, let's just let him go," and "Sure, sure. I can't hear any reassuring voices saying, "Well, well, let's just let him go," or "It's true, we can't help it if we're dealing with this guy."

It was a big pinch, but, however, it was actually out of line to complain to the leader.

I had already told the leader that I was going into the stadium in disguise (i.e., undressed as a man), so he must have thought I was fully aware of what was going on.

He must have thought that I was aware of all the details - he must have extended his immense trust in the members to someone like me, without any hesitation.

I go to school dressed as a boy, and if I visit the stadium dressed as a girl, they would never know I was a ring student - unless I was wearing a uniform!

Why did I come in uniform?

Because I was embarrassed to be seen in my own clothes by Mr. Namaisoku!

.....The embarrassing part was this statement, but it was the truth - I couldn't expose my bare feet in front of him.

I had no other clothes that matched the black stockings except for my school uniform., raw legs, your raw legs may finally cause death, right?

The voltage of the hair-decoration junior high school students surrounding me was rising, and it was quite a challenge for me, who hates exercise, to get out of the gap between them, which had not cooled down. I could say that I was experiencing the feelings of a superstar being interviewed, but at this rate, it was only a matter of time before I would fall prey to violent acts.

It was not the time to use my child's cell phone, which I was given for communication (or to prevent me from running away). Of course, I could have used my cell phone, which has an alarm that goes off when I pull the strap out of my pocket, without having to take it out and ask for help, and that would have saved the day.

I was supposed to be there to cheer on the group as a representative of the group, but it would only have the opposite effect...which, as a representative of the group, would be an appropriate thing to do, but it was not something I would do knowingly.

But still, it's not a situation I can get out of on my own,....., and in this case, I'll have no choice but to flatter and grovel to these ruffians!

I'm a ring student, but I'm a Shikushika Junior High School student, and I'm going to get in with this cheering squad by claiming that I'm here to ridicule the way Ikuro-kun was defeated by the Shikushika Junior High School track and field team members!

Watch.

I'll show you how scum they are.

You will learn from me that there are far more scum in the world than you can possibly imagine!

Despite my determination, their ranting continued. In fact, only one member of the Ring Academy's track and field team has made it to the finals.

I agree with you all..." I was about to choke up, when someone from the cheerleading squad said, "You're right, you're right.

I was about to choke up when someone on the cheerleading squad said, "It's not just the first-year aces and the pretty boys who get all the attention.

What did you just say?

What did you just say?

"Who the hell just said that about one of my guys?"

I took off my glasses and scoffed.

I took off my glasses and made a huge grunt. I wasn't dressed like a man, but I was talking like one.

The cheering section, which had been so loud and boisterous, quieted down for a moment...of course they did, since the dark, timid, lone girl was suddenly glaring at them.

Of course it was, but the fact that it was only for a moment was also understandable - it's not like I could do anything if I took off my glasses.

It doesn't mean that I can do anything special by doing this. It's not like I can put a curse on the person I see, or see the weak points of my enemies, or any of those cartoonish things.

It just makes you see better.

And all I could see as I got better was that there was really no way out of this formation that I was surrounded by - dare I say it, a situation where I had no more room to flirt, or even to surrender, because I had returned the sales pitch.

It is not a situation, but a fear.

I had done it again. I had done it again.

I foolishly failed to control my emotions.

.....No, no.

That's not what I just said - even when I was calm and collected, I would have said the same thing, word for word.

Bishonen Tanteidan Rule #4.

To be a team member of the Bishonen Tanteidan - that is the same even outside of school.

The other side seemed to have decided that they had received the greatest insult and humiliation, rather than provocation, and were already arguing over who would be the first to harm me.

I was completely helpless. No matter, now it's all up to me!

Outnumbered? What about it, I'll take care of it!

What are you doing? "Baimi!"

I stepped on the rhyme to inspire myself, and in my haste to pull off my jacket, I failed to pull off the sleeves of both arms at the same time, and ended up looking like I was tied behind my back - my bare legs, which should have been up on the ground by now, were in uniform.

He was in his uniform, with his beautiful shining legs bared to the limit, and he put his feet out into the stands - or rather, his face.

The air was filled with a sense of excitement.

The atmosphere of immediate confrontation was easily ended in this way.

Of course, their shining legs may have taken away their will to fight, but that is not the case, and they must have decided that they could not touch the players.

They, too, were a team, a cheering squad, after all.

It seems that their feeling of not wanting to cause trouble for the players they were supposed to be cheering for made them choose to retreat to their own positions - or, to be more precise, to move away from the position I was in right next to them.

Well, I wasn't used to cheering, so I wasn't sure what was going on, but if you go back to the beginning, it was my fault for sitting in the wrong place.

Tehee!

I was not "tee-hee". It was a close call. If I hadn't intervened, I really don't know what would have happened. What are you doing?

As soon as I got him into the corridor of the stadium, which was off-limits to everyone except those concerned, he gave me a relatively serious lecture.

It was like a strange play to be rebuked by a first-year student wearing a uniform that looked like underwear outside of the field, not just his bare legs but also his bare arms and stomach.

No, don't demand an apology from me.

No, you're not. You've become a character who never apologizes, Baimi.

I couldn't stand it! I couldn't stand it! They talked about you like you were a freshman who won a regular spot because of your face!

I think you said the same thing, Baimi.

I would never say such a thing.

You can read page 185 again and you'll see. You can really understand.

Haha"

I was scared, though. I thought I was going to die.

I thought I was going to die. I know it was before the race, but I'm so glad you came by."

I didn't want to apologize, but I wanted to at least show my gratitude.

It's okay. The only thing I can think of is that there was a rare student from Ring Academy in the audience and it was Baimi - she was looking up from below and I could almost see her skirt, but she was kind of surrounded and I couldn't see anything.

If that's the reason they came running to me, I'm going to be the one who doesn't even thank them from now on, aren't I?

I thought to myself.

"You came to support me, didn't you? Thanks.

I was immediately embarrassed.

I immediately felt embarrassed.

I was not embarrassed at all, but rather, I was very sorry that I had bothered him just before the game by coming to cheer him on.

The leader told me to come," he said. But if it was going to be like this, I shouldn't have come at all. Sorry oops!"

If you've said that much, it would be easier if you apologized already."

The first thing that comes to mind is the fact that the leader of the team is not a leader at all.

The most important thing to remember is that you can't be bothered to come and cheer for your team. It's the same for all athletes. An artist like Sosaku may say that his work is valuable even if no one understands it, but an athlete who is not cheered on is worthless.

..... Is that what it's about?

I don't know. The most important thing to remember is that the best way to get the most out of your product or service is to be sure you are getting the best value for your money.

If you are told to work hard, don't you think you should work hard too? You know, people who can exercise look down on those who can't."

What do you think we are?

I don't see how cheering for power, cheering for energy, that's just a beautiful thing to me.

Yes, it is a beautiful thing. Yes, it's a beautiful thing. A leader would call it a beautiful thing.

.....

No one is more obsessed with records than us athletes. I'm not as obsessed with records as we athletes are. I honestly didn't think I was going to win until just now. I was looking at the cheerleading squad from Hair Decoration Junior High School. As expected of the student body president who is not a pedophile, they are well organized. Even though the security was disorganized, they were cheering without a stitch of disruption. Other schools are different. Well, I thought that since everyone's safety comes first, it was inevitable that the bleachers would be lonely, but now that Baimi is here, I'm all in. If I had my way, I would have preferred it if Baimi had dressed up as an extreme cheerleader.

Don't be greedy, then. That's almost a sexual desire.

I was almost gagged by his last thrust, but I felt as if I had caught a glimpse of the true, human feelings of the usually playful Nama-asobi, which made me feel indescribably happy. I heard that the cheerleading squads are very high in status overseas, so I guess he was not joking at all.

I thought that the leader had dispatched me to the team because he knew what was in my heart, and I thought that I had escaped from a crisis, but this was not the time to relax.

I have not yet fulfilled my crucial role.

Ikumei-kun.

What is it? What is it? I really have to go now. I'm going to have to abstain.

I think it's a beautiful thing to say that cheering for you gives you power... I think you'll definitely run your best time if you run calmly in a quiet environment where no one is watching you.

That's why.

I said, "I'll prove that's not true.

Prove me wrong. I will shout as loud as five students, or even the whole school, and I will be as loud as any other school...so beat them!

I'll be watching you with my own eyes.

I'll be watching you with my own eyes.

Ikutoku-kun beat me to it.

Afterword

One of the most difficult things to express in a novel is the voice. It is natural because it is a written text, but what kind of voice a certain character has is often based on metaphors and subjective opinions, and it is difficult to make an absolute evaluation. Even if we speak of a "beautiful voice" or a "good voice," what exactly that voice is like is left largely to the reader's imagination. In reality, however, this "voice" seems to play an important role in human relationships and character evaluation. In novels, the two are equal, but in reality, voice, and by extension, the way a person speaks, is considered very important and should be handled with care. If there is one sentence that should be added to the sentence "It is not what is said but who says it that matters," which Ms. Baimi Hitoshima introduces at the beginning of this book, it would be "How you say it also matters. However, this phrase originally does not go so far as to say, 'What was said is meaningless. So, if I were to summarize it in a way that is easy to convey, I would say, "What was said is important, who said it is important, and how it was said is also important. It was all important matters, and it was quite a lot.

That's why this is the fourth installment of the Bishonen series. This time, this book focuses on Nagahiro Sakiguchi, senior, a.k.a. Nagahiro the beautiful-voiced Nagahiro. He is a master of oratory, manipulating all kinds of voices. If so, as I wrote at the beginning of this book, he is not a character that is difficult to express in a novel, but on the contrary, I believe that his "voice" can be expressed universally because it is in a novel. By the way, I have an eye toward writing a "collective action" story in this series, but even so, I also want to focus on individual characters, so I wrote the short story "Ningen Jiao" this time. The main character here is Ashikaga Kota, aka Hyota with beautiful legs. I am a bit confused about his real name for a moment, because Mr. Baimi says "Ikuta-kun Ikuta-kun" so much. That's how it was with "Oshie and the Traveling Bishonen.

In the fourth volume, the narrator, Baimi-san, finally graced the cover. And with the leader. Thank you, Kinako-san, for drawing her as a "Bishonen" with a bad character. And please look forward to the next volume, "Panorama Island Bishonen!

Nishio Ishin

Fan Translation : Kokos (u/cursedastolfobean)

- Thank you for reading this translation ;)